

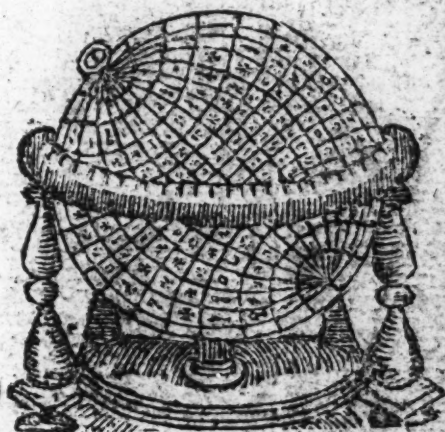
MOCK POEM:

O R,

Whiggs Supplication.

By S. C. K.

PART I.



E D I N B U R G H :

Printed by *James Watson*, and Sold at his Shop
opposite to the *Lucken-Booths*, 1711.



T H E
Author's Apology
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

Christian Reader !

VERSES are like Ladies Faces, good or bad, as they are Fancied, (saith Don Quixot,) and Mock Poems, which bite not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt, (saith another of the same Mettal,) that is, whose Tongue was a great deal wiser than his Head.

In those following Lines I am more Tart to none than to my self: And therefore I may be excused if I tell in Rhime how some used me in Prose: I speak Truth, which is expedient to be known; and therefore no Lawyer will aver I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind Man, dealing Blows, not knowing whom I hit: If any shall challenge me that I touch them, I will answer, that I knew not so much before they informed me, as answer'd that famous Satyryst to

TO the READER.

a noble Roman, who expostulated with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many ways Wronged : And first, by Transcribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines, have transmitted them every where, like Pictures on the wrong side of Arras Hangings, spoiled with Thrums and Threds, or like Faces disfigured by the Pox, great or small, as ye please : Or like Sermons repeated by Children and Serving Lasses in a Presbyterian Family Exercise ; Or like one of Bishop Andrew's Sermons Re-preached the other Day by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Trial for the Ministry.

I am, Secondly, wronged by false Copies, and that by Men either malicious to bring me to Trouble, or Ignorant, not apprehending my Scope, who, instead of mending my Lines, have mamed them all. And who striving to pull me out of the Mire, hath thrown me into the Well, not to wash me, but to drown me : Or into the Fire, not to dry me, but to burn me.

Thirdly, I am most of all prejudged by the late Dutch War, which occasioned the bringing in of such superfluity of Brandy, which entering the Brain of some of the Worshippers of Bacchus, hath there hatched Glosses of my Lines, like that of Orleans, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy Interpreters may be compared to Children espying Shapes and Figures in the Fire ; or to those who are giddy with Drink, imagining Apparitions in the Clouds ; or to old Wives Commenting on Merlin's or Rymer's Prophecies ; or to

bad

The AUTHOR to the READER.

bad Divines expounding the Revelation, who obtrude groundless Fancies upon the Ignorant Multitude, for Evangelical Truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my Meaning, any Censure is too little for me ; If not, no Punishment is too great for them ; and that for Two Reasons.

First, Because they apply Passages of my Lines to Men of Honour, of whom, (God is my Witness) I did not Dream. Secondly, because they make the World believe I am biting those whose Wounds I am licking, given by the biting of other Dogs.

These Things consider'd, it is easie to answer all which is objected against me. And first, some of the Society of Gotham College had an intention to burn my Lines, because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and elsewhere. But I answer, If those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their Zeal, but not their Wisdom, and who ever shall take the pains to burn them for Witches, will lose both Coals and Labour. I demand of them, if one should Pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason ? Or who will tax the Psalmist of Atheism, for averring, The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is not a God ? All not meer Ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a Discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Atheists Blasphemy, and why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poet's Ape, bring in Fools speaking foolishly, and wise Men wisely, and yet be

The AUTHOR to the READER.

be neither a wise Man nor a Fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd Man, or else nothing. And in effect some call me a mix'd Man, others nothing: But since those who call me nothing are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at nothing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the World knoweth, what ever it be, it is worse than nothing.

The Object, Secondly, that without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Lieges, in exacting five Dollars for every Copy, which may be called Treason.

But I answer, since I Charge them not with Horning to make Payment, the worst they can call it is but Begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, Do ut des. And at first I did not Dream of taking Money for those Lines, until some known bitter Enemies to the Presbyterians enforced each of them five Dollars on me for a Copy: They told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose, and Physicians for nothing, and worse than nothing. Some Pleading, Preaching, and Curing (it is true,) deserves Money a great deal better than my Lines; but it is as true, that some of all Three deserves it worse. If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

Secondly, I demand Money of no Man; yea, I refuse it when it is Offered, not in Jest, until they

The AUTHOR to the READER.

they make it appear they Offer it in Earnest, which they do many Ways. Some throw Money on the Ground ; some on the Table ; some tell they'l have none of my Lines, except I take their Money ; some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their Money ; some say, they are abler to give me Money, than I am to want it ; some bid Devil break their Neck if I take not their Money ; some bid God damn them if I take not their Money : Yea, I can Instruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to strike off my Head with a Sable, if I refus'd his Money ; but the more Moderate put Money unawares in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep Unbutton'd of purpose. Mistake me not, Reader, I am not instructing how Money should be Offered, but how it should not be Offered, lest I take it.

Thirdly, That I am not avaricious, appears by my Vowing to take no Money from Ministers and Ladies, but they say I take Gold. But I answer, they eluded my Vow by Equivocation, putting Gold unawares in the Neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and I following to restore it, Stumbled. They instance I Stumbled of purpose, that I might not reach them ; but they are still mistaken, for a Lady having used me so, I followed her to her Chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her Gold to her Pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning,) thinking perhaps was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of Incivility ; so I was necessitate either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady :

The AUTHOR to the READER:

Let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the Two Evils. However, Reader, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in Earnest. It dazeleth the Eyes of the Wise, and therefore no marvel it blind those of a Fool.

The Third Objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can more Offend a Poet and a Fidler, than telling them they want Skill, if in Effect they be Unskilful as I am: And therefore no marvel if I reply in a Fury, that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious Lyars in avering it, because they do so out of Malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knoweth they never made a greater progress in Poësie then the making of an Ale-house Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were base in me to upbraid them with want of skill in their own Professions, in which they brag they have such Insight: As to one of them, a Physician, that he took the Piss of a Ston'd-horse for that of a Woman with Child: To another, a Mineralist, who laid a Wager of Ten Dollars, a Piece of Brimstone was a Piece of Silver: To a Third, a Palmester, to whom, when a Boy in Girls Apparel was brought in to him to have his Hand viewed, superciliously pronounced, the Girl would have Three Husbands, bring forth Nine Children, and die of the Tenth. It were most base in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except some will take them on to be Tasters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning,

THE AUTHOR to the READER.

for in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants that is without Sense and Reason, having the Use of no Soul but the Vegetative. I could Instance other Things of that Nature, but I forbear, lest the Persons be discovered.

Secondly, To be a bad Poet may well be a shame, it is no Sin; neither is it a shame for me in this first Essay; withal my Intention is to make Men laugh, and not to vex them: But bad Lines many times causeth more Mirth than good ones. Where one laughs at the Poems of Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c. Twenty will laugh at the Poems of John Cockburn, or Mr. Zacharie Boyd. What Hypochondriac would not presently be Cured at the reading of those Lines.

There was a Man called Job,
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good Gift of the Gob,
The same Case happen us.

Or of those,

Absolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying God's Mercy;
Then *Joab* came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arsie.

Or of those of John Cockburn,

Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a Man of great esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At *Culross* on a Girdle.

THE AUTHOR to the READER:

For my part, if I were a great Man, I would sooner give Gold for such Lines, than Copper for all the Heroick Oracles of Seneca's Tragedies.

If any have more to Object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse my self in Reason, I am willing to satisfy the Law. I think it very Strange that some grave and reverend Men, should so wrong their Conscience to traduce me, since without hurting their Conscience they may speak so much evil of me, and not Lie, as I may likewise do of them.

In the End, I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmless as a Whitred without Teeth, except some shall be pleased to call Ears Horns.

One Word more, Reader, and I shall trouble thee no further; when thou hast perused my Lines, and found them a Cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy Money to no purpose. But I intreat thee to consider, that the only Remedy is to conceal the Cheat, by commending still my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be Cheated as well as thy self: In doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian Liar than those who undervalue my Lines, albeit they understand them no more than they do the Prophet Ezekiel, as appears by their Commentaries on that Prophet, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewel,

S. C.

MOCK

MOCK POEM:

O R,

Whiggs Supplication.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER invoking of the Mule,
 As many learned Poets use :
 Next is describ'd the time of Year,
 When Whiggs in Armour did appear.
 The Good-man's Person, and his Weed,
 His Armour, Lady, Squire, and Steed,
 Dog, and Pigeon, and his Mind
 All Allegories, where ye find
 Cloathed with many a senseless Word,
 Mysterious Things, not with a Turd :
 As said one in a reverend Coat,
 Or else he understood them not.
 As lately, when he Scripture-text,
 He forc'd was to say off his Text :

And

And then ye have a Supplication
Greatly misconstrued of the Nation;
At first they Dispute how to mend it ;
And then Advise by whom to send it :
Where *Knight* and *Squire* each other thump,
As did *De Ruyter* and *Van-Trump*.

Who ever thou art, Muse, who dost make
By force of Brandy, Ale, and Sack ;
Some who both Words and Matter want,
Admired of the Ignorant :
In whom sagacious Noses Snuff ;
Nought Worth, but Plagiary Stuff,
By which they purchase Praise and Money,
When Bees have toil'd, Drones eat the Honey.
Inspire me with Poetick fury,
That I may likewise Favour currie :
With all Men to augment my Pack,
By making Lines not worth a Plack :
Some of Eight Sillabs, some of Ten,
Some borrowed from other Men :
As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or *Cass* Divine,
Some Ill-translated from *Marine* ;
Some *Oedipus* cannot Unriddle,
Some sounding like a Blind-man's Fiddle,
Observing neither Tune nor Time,
Some Nonsense to make up the Rhime.
Though I speak True, or False, no matter,
If I Traduce, some others Platter.
So sundry Men were us'd of late,
As they were on or off the State.
Grant that I may Curb all Back-biters,
Of Surplice, High-sleev'd Gowns, and Miters,

And

And Church-governing Paradoxes;
 Of *Calvin's* Followers, and *Knoxes*.
 In myltic allegoric Tone,
 Scarce understood by any one.
 Grant me to Scold, Revile and Pror,
 Sharne fall me, if my self knows what :
 When Rhime bursts out from Breast inrag'd,
 Like Turds from Puddings overcharg'd;
 Some Gallig, or some to Laughter,
 Moving like Parrat when it's taught her.
 Hoping my Prayer thou wilt hear,
 O Muse ! Have at the Time of Year :
 When Whiggs from Lurking-holes did Sally,
 And in the open Fields did Rally.

It was about the Time when Oysters
 Abound so with venereous Moistures,
 That they are used Even and Morn,
 By those that do their Neighbour Horn;
 Which doth their Prices so inhance
 At *England's* Court, and that of *France*;
 That Oyster-Wives have Money ready
 To make their Daughrer sometime Lady :
 As doth appear by one of late,
 Whose Son-in-Law bore sway in State.
 When Snow makes dikes, and Mountains white,
 When Folks by Physic seldom shite,
 Except there be some Pockey Reason ;
 When Mutton weareth out of Season,
 Instead of which, at every Meal,
 When Men eat Rosted Hens and Veal.
 And those at *Forth* eat *Garvie* Fishes,
 Then fittest to be serv'd in Dishes :

Which

Which to the Pallat pleasing proves,
 Like *Adriatique* Gulph Anchoves.
 When that the Black-bird hoarsly Whistles,
 When Trouts and *Abercorn* Muffles
 Are stark nought ; when that the Swallow
 Lies Sleeping in her own Tallow,
 Within some Sub-terranean Hoie ;
 When under the *Antarctiq;* Pole
 There is no Night, under our other,
 A Man cannot discern his Brother,
 It is so Dark ; when Summer's Heats
 Scorcheth the *Magellaniq;* Straits,
 And burneth up the Corn and Hay
 About the *Caput bona Spei* :
 If that be tedious to remember,
 It was in *Januar*, or *December*,
 When I did see the Out-Law Whiggs
 Lay scattered up and down the Riggs :
 Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots,
 Some uncovered Leggs and Coats :
 Some had Halberts, some had Durks,
 Some had crooked Swords like *Turks* :
 Some had Strings, some had Flails,
 Knit with Eel and Oxen Tails :
 Some had Spears, some had Pikes,
 Some had Spades which delved Dikes ;
 Some had Guns with rousty Ratches ;
 Some had fiery Peats for Matches.
 Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
 Some had Pistols without Marrows ;
 Some had the Coulter of a Plough ;
 Some Scithes had, Men and Horse to hough
 And

And some with a *Lochaber* Ax,
 Resolv'd to give *Dalzell* his Packs.
 Some had Cross-Bows, some were Slingers,
 Some had only Knives and Whingers.
 But most of all, believe who lists,
 Had nought to Fight with, but their Fists :
 They had no Colours to display,
 They wanted Order and Array :
 Their Officers and Motion-teachers
 Were very Few, beside their Preachers.
 Without Horse, or Artillery-pieces,
 They thought to imitate the *Swises* ;
 When from *Navar* they Sallied out,
Cremoville and brave *Trivulce* to Rout.
 For Martial Music, every Day
 They used oft to Sing and Pray ;
 Which Hearts them more when danger comes,
 Than others Trumpets and their Drums.
 With such Provision as they had,
 They were so stout, or else so mad,
 As to Petition once again,
 And if the Issue proved vain,
 They were resolv'd with one accord,
 To Fight the Battles of the Lord.

Upon their Head march'd the *Good-man*,
 Like *Scanderbeg*, or *Tamerlane*.
 Dame Nature strain'd her outmost Cate,
 To mould him for a Man of War :
 A terrible and a dreadful Foe,
 As doth appear from Top to Toe.
 The shape and fashion of his Head,
 Was like a Con, or Pyramid :

Or for to speak in Terms more groff,
It was just like a Sugar Loaf:
Or like the Head of *Rob* the Cripple,
Or like the Spear of *Magdalen* Steeple:
Or like the Bottom of a Tap;
Or like a Furr'd *Muscovia* Cap.
They who the South-east Countries haunts,
Affirm such Heads have *Turkish* Saints:
Which as some learned Writers notes,
Are here with us call'd Idiots.
Because long Hair the Wit doth dull,
Nought was between Heaven and his Skull:
His Ears was long, and stood upright,
Which did so well become the Knight,
That at some distance he seem'd Horn'd,
His one Eye was with Pearl adorn'd;
His other Eye look'd so a-Squint,
That it was hard to ward his dint:
From thence down to his Mouth arose
A Mountain rather than a Nose;
Upon which Savage Beasts did feed,
As Worms and Selkhorns, which with speed
Would eat it up, but he begins
In time to pick them out with Pins.
His Lips were thick, his Mouth was wide,
His Teeth each other did bestride:
His Tongue was big, tho' well he meant,
He was not very eloquent.
His Beard was long, and red, and thin,
Making a Ball-green on his Chin:
As Trees do sometime in a Wood,
Where Horse and Oxen gather Food:

His

His Arms were stiff like Barrow-rams,
 His Hands were hued like reisted Hams :
 At Finger-ends he never fails -
 To have the King of *Babel's* Nails,
 Which sooner then a Knife, by half,
 Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf.
 When he, not loving to be Idle,
 Turns Cook to any Penny-bridle.
 They scrape up Works about his Leagure,
 A great deal stronger, and far bigger
 Then those made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
 When *Spinola* besieg'd *Breda*.
 He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedlar's Pack :
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bagg which kept his Meal for Brose:
 But neither Conjecture was good,
 It was a Lump of Flesh and Blood.
 His Womb stood out an Ell before,
 As far behind his Bumm, and more :
 When over-charg'd, it made a sound,
 Which did like Earthquake shake the Ground.
 With which, as Centry, when he Sleeps,
 His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps:
 Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees,
 Finding the Smell of Bread and Cheese,
 Which several Times the fainting Knight
 Doth take for Cordials in the Night.
 But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder,
 They're so amaz'd with Fear and Wonder,
 That to the Gare go Mice and Rats,
 As fast, as if pursu'd by Cats.

Was never Man in those Dominions,
 About whose Legs were more Opinions;
 First, there are many who avow
 They are like an inverted V.
 And other some do stiffly jangle,
 That they and Thighs make a Quadrangle.
 Some think, that Thighs joining, they gape,
 In Circular, or Oval Shape :
 And other some are, who avouch
 Them Semi-circles in a touch.
 And other some, there are who tells,
 They'r Semi-circles Paralells.
 But those who on them better looked,
 Say one was straight, the other crooked :
 Not as in touching they did make,
 That famous Angle of Contact.
 Which *Euclid's* Demonstration shows,
 If in their Juncture ye put Straws.
 The Truth is, they in every Thing,
 Resemble do a Bow and String;
 The one straight to the other bending,
 Is like a Chord an Arch subtending :
 In which Scheme, if ye draw some Lines,
 Ye may have Secants, Tangents, Signs,
 Which Ale-pot Measuring much enables,
 By help of Logarithmiq; Tables;
 Which Questions soonest do decide,
 For by Substraction they divide,
 And multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth Popish Superstition,
 Which multiplieth every Day,
 Having some added to its Way.

Their

Their entry to that Church is fine,
 They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away Men's Sins, then Water.
 Now all's describ'd to Feet and Toes,
 Which I could not see for his Shoes :
 Some say his Toes, who saw his Feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet,
 Greek, Syriac, or Arabic,
 Or breviations *Stenographic* :
 Which they do Counterfeit like Apes,
 With great variety of Shapes.

You may believe it as your Creed,
 Such was his Armour and his Weed ;
 He wore a Pair of Pullion Breeches,
 A yellow Doublet with blew Stitches ;
 A long Cassock over his Arse,
 As if he had been the Fool of *Mars* :
 He had on each Leg a Gramash,
 A Top of Lint for his Panash,
 Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest,
 A folded Cloak for Back and Breast.
 A Glove of Plate, which once was worn
 By black *Douglass* at *Bannockburn*.
 For Head-piece, a Cowl, lin'd with Iron,
 Which did his Temples so environ,
 That it would cost a world of Pains
 For any to beat out his Brains.
 A Blunderbush hang'd at his Back,
 Of terrible Report and Crack ;
 As have a lower Tire of Guns,
 Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.

A Horse he never doth bestride,
 VVithout a Pistol at each Side :
 And without other Two before,
 One at either Saddle Tore.
 But now when he hath much ado,
 He hath one in each Pocket too.
 A Sword which woundeth deep and wide,
 A Target of a Seven-fold Hide :
 A very strange enchanted Lance,
 VVhose touch makes Men from Saddle dance
 As somerimes of old did another,
 Belonging to *Angelique's* Brother.
 And after to the *English* Duke,
 As mentions *Ariosto's* Book.
 And thus with more Arms he doth ride,
 Than other Twenty had beside.
 VVhether he gain the Day, or Time,
 He never misserth to kill Nine :
 As doth appear to all who reckons,
 Justly the Number of his VVeapons.
 Among Ten Thousand, all alone,
 VVith every VVeapon he kills one.
 Some say, he used to take Lives
 VVith VVhingers, and *Kilmarnoc* Knives:
 But he thinks that belongs to Butchers,
 And others, like *Damata's* Coutchers.
 For when with any he doth swagger,
 He seldom useth Knife, or Dagger :
 Except they come in wrestling Terms,
 Permitted by the Law of Arms,
 The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
 Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd at several who he was,
 Some said he was Sir *Hudibras*,
 Deceived by his bulky Paunch;
 Some said *Don Quixot de la Maunch*,
 Which was more like than was the other,
 In many Things he was his Brother.

First, in his Head were many fancies
 Bred, by the reading of Romances.
 He thought before the Day of Doom,
 The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
 And trample down the Man of Sin,
 He thought the VVork he would begin.
 And to the glory of his Nation,
 Accomplish all the *Revelation*.

Prate what they please in Popish Schools,
Hammond and *Grotius* were but Fools,
 VVho say, it is fulfill'd already,
 Must think they prayed to our Lady.
 They aim'd at Reconciliation,
 Between the Pope and every Nation.
 All other Things they could pack up,
 If ye take not from them the Cup:
 And they had Reason, for in Truth,
 Some think they had a burning Drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
 He had a Lady *Del To-Bose*,
 Who never budged from his Side,
 Upon a pair of Sodds astride:
 By whose sole Industry and Care,
 He manag'd all the holy VVar.
 We read in greatest VVarriours lives,
 They oft were ruled by their VVives.

The World's Conqueror, *Alexander*,
 Obey'd a Lady his Commander;
 And *Anthony* that Drunkard keen,
 Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen.
 King *Arthur* for his Wife's sake,
 Wink'd at *Lancelot Du Lake*.
 Though to his opprobory and scorn,
 He cherisht one himself to Horn.
 They say, that now are many others
 Who in that Case are *Arthur's* Brothers.
 So the imperious *Roxalan*,
 Made the great Turk *John Thomson's* Man
 Another Warriour, all his Life
 Was also ruled by his Wife:
 Albeit before their death arose,
 Some Strife between them for her Pose.
 Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire,
 Had *Zancho* call'd to whet his ire,
 When in a Fury he did wrestle
 With Giant or enchanted Castle.
 Or like *Don Quixot* with Wind-Mills,
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland-Hills*:
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To Fight a Monster for a Lady:
 Being victorious in the Strife,
 He still refus'd the Nymph to Wife:
 And thar with such a modest Grace
 As Fame's Knight did the Heir of *Thrace*:
 To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
 Promised either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Guernsey, or *Fersey*, or some Isle,
 With a Lord Governor's Stile.

When he should beat his Foes afunder,
And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Lastly, on *Quixot's Rozinant*
He rode, who took the Covenant.
As many think, none of the Nation
Could make him take the Declaration.
Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
Proclaim'd Rebel from the Cross,
Which though they did with open Throats,
The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats:
Not dreaming that in any Thing
He Country did Offend, or King.
The wisest Lawyers of the Nation,
Advis'd him to make Appellation;
Because it was against all reason
To condemn a Beast for Treason;
Which Reason, at a Tippling-Can,
Had sav'd his Master the Good-Man:
If after his rebellious Journey,
He had met with a King's Attorney,
Who could by Law and Reason show,
He greater Beast was of the Two.
Or with another, who for Riches
Stood for incestuous Whores and Witches;
Or any other, whom ye list,
So they did well anoint his Fist.

Beside his Horse, he had a Dog,
So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
That he became of Scent so cliver,
As to miss neither Hare nor Pliver.
He turns himself in Horse or Hog,
As *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog;

To find by his sagacious Nose,
 The counterplotting of his Foes.
 He reads the Back-Scent, brings a Glove,
 And carries Letters to his Love :
 He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
 Kills Fish, whose Livers frights the Devil;
 He barks at *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*,
Papist, and *Declaration-taker* :
 But he will gently fawn, and stand,
 To lick a *Covenanters* Hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pigeon,
 Most do not know of what Religion :
 She was the same, as many fear,
 Which once eat Pease in *Mahomet's* Ear ;
 Which, when she did, the Caul did boast,
 That he spoke with the holy Ghost.
 His Epilepsie for to recover,
 If once imploy'd, she doth not hover ;
 But will make the whole VWorld's tour,
 And come again within an Hour :
 Sometimes she his Orders carries,
 To the *Azores*, and *Canaries* :
 As Quarter-Mistress, to ordain,
 In which the first Meridian
 Should lodged be, for Calculation
 Of Longitudes in Navigation.
 Sometimes he sends her in Embassage
 Out through the North-East *Indian* Passage,
 To tell the great *Tartarian* Cham,
 A Piece of a *Westphalia* Hamm
 Is better Mear, when hunger nips,
 Then Collops off *Live-Horses* Hips :

That

That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
VVell tempered with Sugar-Candy.

A great deal better than he fares,
VVho drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Mares,

Sometime to *Peru*, and to *Chilly*,

She goes, to tell our Prophet *Lilly*

Foreseeth neither Good nor Evil,

Abandon'd by his *Arctiq*; Devil ;

VVhom the late great Frost did compel

To run and warm himself in Hell,

That she might bring from thence a Spirit

Of greater Foresight, and of Merit,

For to assist the great Diviner

The better for to win his Dinner,

Sometime to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*,

To tell their VVater and their Cophy.

And their severe slighting of VVine,

Makes them so with the Collic pine ;

VVhich Torment is with them so rife,

It cost *Mahomet* the great his Life ;

For when the Collic he did take,

And did refuse a Cup of Sack,

He worried on a windy Bubble,

And fred the VVorld of meikle trouble.

If they'l drink VVine, they need not fear

Their Prophet, for his Thousand Year

Are now expired, all in vain

They expect his return again.

Thus of his Person, Armour, VVeed,

His Lady, Squire, and of his Sreed,

Dog, and Pigeon ; for his Mind,

He leaves all Mortals far behind.

All Things created he doth know,
 In Heav'n above, and Earth below :
 He solves the Questions every one
 That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon* ;
 Or any other knotty Doubt,
 That can occur the World throughout.
 Neither doth he Prate and Bable,
 Like *Pliny*, Painting out a Fable.
 At First, he makes a clear Narration,
 And then backs all by Demonstration.
 He knows whether the great *Mogull*
 Doth drink out of his Father's Skull ;
 Or if he makes a Chamber-pot
 Of that of King of *Calcecut*.
 If it be prov'd by any Man
 That he is come of *Tamerlain* ;
 Or if he keep Tobacco Cut
 In *Tortois-Shell*, or *Coco-Nut*.
 If the Balm and Frankincense-keepers,
 By ratling, drive away the Vipers,
 Which with such ardour haunts those Trees,
 As with us Garden-Flowers do Bees :
 Or if they do those Serpent's choak,
 As Easterlings their Bees do smoak :
 Which made Two great Wits, as Men think,
 Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink.
 If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
 Do Fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile* ;
 Or if we ought to believe them,
 Who say, *Melebisefedec* was not a *Sem* :
 Which raised once a fitty Strife,
 Between a Preacher and his Wife,

If any Man yet ever Born
 Did see the Phenix or Unicorn?
 If there be a Philosopher Stone?
 If Men who have no Leg but one,
 With broad Soles, which by Tours
 Defends their Heads from Sun and Showres?
 If the Emperor *Prefter John*
 Be the Off-spring of *Solomon*?
 If those who lately conquer'd *China*,
 Be the Brother's Sons of *Dina*?
 Who to those North-East parts were turned,
 When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burned,
 If *Rome's* Founders Wolves did Suck?
 If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
 If Captain *Hind* was a good Fellow?
 If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
 Which raised once a great Discord
 Between a *Western* Laird and Lord.
 If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden?
 If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at *Floden*?
 Which made Two Schoolmen borrow Swords,
 That they might Fight after big Words.
 If Sword, or Surfeit mee Men kill?
 Who had the better at *Edge-bill*?
 Which made Two Ladies other jeer,
 A Round-head and a Cavaleer:
 Both harped so on the seen ruffle,
 That it turn'd to a Scratch-Eye scuffle:
 At last both conclude to agree,
 Both of them vowing secrecie.
 Where meets the Brethren of *Cross*, *Rosie*?
 What Sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosie*?

Gains yearly by their Silver-Mines :
 Since Thirty Eight who wins or rines.
 He knows the Price of Jewels and Rings,
 And hidden Causes of sundry Things.
 As of the Compaſs variation,
 Of *Nile* and *Nigers* Inundation.
 Why *Ireland* wanteth Toad and Snake,
 Why ſome Men white, and ſome Moors black.
 Why *Regulus* Eye makes Men leave Breath,
 Why Spiders bite, them dance to death,
 Why Men *Tarantula* do not fear,
 But at ſome Seasons of the Year.
 Why Devils Muſic do not pleaſe :
 What Sort of Thing is *Ambergreaſe*,
 If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron
 Attract ? If Sea or Land environ
 That frozen great Magnetic Rock,
 Under the Pole, where what a Clock
 There cannot be made any Trial,
 The one Years half, by *Phæbus* Dial :
 By the Seas motion he doth find
 A North-Eaſt Paſſage to the *Inde* :
 Another he finds by the North-Weſt,
 Where *Davies* freezed to his Reſt :
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And ſtopt his Courſe to *Mair del Zur*.
 But he hath found a brave Device,
 That he may free thoſe Seas from Ice :
 He empties all the Water, ſyne,
 He fills the Place with Brandy-wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Froſt,
 If Whales turn Drunk, and Fiſhing loſt :

Yet lose we not by that device,
 For Whale-Oyl we get *Indian Spice*.
 All other Ways are but a Cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State.
 It's wonder they have sharkt so much,
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*.
 He prov'd on Peril of his Soul,
Presbyterian-rule by *Paul*.
 He thought, none but a foolish Man
 Made *Antichrist* the Son of *Dan*.
 He thought by the Apostle's meaning,
 Voicé Negative, and sole ordaining.
 Was the very Mystery
 Of *Antichrist's* Iniquity,
 Which near his own time did begin
 To usher in the Man of Sin.
 He thought, if Bishops had not been,
 A Pope of *Rome* had ne're been seen.
 But now he thinketh Church-Government
 A Thing of small, or no concernment :
 As ready as any ever born
 For Bishops, if he had not Sworn.
 If *Dutch* and *English* Truth report,
 He knows about th' *Amboyna* Fort.
 If those Two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
 And burnt by *Dutch*, when they were drunk :
 Who first began the War in *Guinea*,
 Where *Holmes* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinio*,
 If groundless Jealousies and Fears
 Yoaks *Dutch* and *English* by the Ears :
 Or if it be the *Indian* Trade
 That doth produce Effects so sad ;

He'l tell in *Indian* Pedler's Faces,
 VVe dearly buy their Cloves and Maces.
 The VVar draws Blood and Money forth,
 More than the *Indian* Trade is worth.
 He thinks the VVar fomented be
 By Romish Craft and Pollicie,
 VVhich rents the *Dutch* and us afunder,
 To bring reform'd Religion under.
 VVhen both are broken, and brought low,
 Like Pitchers by a mutual Blow,
 Then they'l force up the Pope again,
 And make both serve the King of *Spain* :
 VVho in the Jesuits fantasie
 The VVorld's Temporal Lord will be :
 And meagre those who countermine them,
 The Pope, and he will rule between them :
 The VVorld in Two Monarchies,
 He with his Sword, he with his Keys.
 If *Dutch* and *Englisb* Popish were,
 They would be Popish every where :
 So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
 But such Conceits do oft delude.

He finds by perfect Demonstrations
 The Roots of all compos'd *Æ*quations.
 He finds new VVays to poyson Cats,
 Of Mudd he Serpents makes, and Rats.
 He finds the Longitude of Places,
 Makes Bag-pipes with concording Bases.
 He finds Two Means Proportionals,
 VVhich great VVits sometimes intrals.
 In Virtuofies Conventicles,
Excentricks, Orbs, and Epicycles

He finds to be fantastic Fictions,
 Forg'd; to palliate Contradictions;
 VVherewith the late Star-gazer's Notions
 Have involv'd the Planet's Motions.
 To determine he dare venture,
 The Sun to be the VVorld's Center.
 To hold the Candle in the middle
 Infix'd, while to *Pythagora's* Fiddle
 Still Firmament with twinkling Eyes,
 The Earth and Planets dancing sees.
 He Squares, Circles, Doubles, Cubes,
 Makes most admirable Tubes:
 If he at *Dover* through them glance,
 He sees what Hours it is in *France*;
 As he hath prov'd by frequent Trial,
 On Steeple, Clock, and Sunny-Dial:
 He reads with them another while
 Letters, distant Twenty Mile;
Dutch, or *Scots*, I know not whether,
 The one is as like as the other.

If he once level at the Moon,
 Either at Midnight, or at Noon,
 He discovers Rivers, Hills,
 Steeples, Castles, and Wind-mills,
 Villages, and Fenced Towns,
 With Fougies, Bulwarks, and great Guns.
 Cavaleers on Herseback prancing,
 Maids about a *May-pole* dancing.
 Men in Taverns VVine carousing,
 Beggars by the High-way Lousing.
 Soldiers forging Ale-houie Brawlings,
 To be let go without their Lawings.

Sturs in Streets by Grooms and Pages,
 Mountebanks playing on Stages.
 Wild-Boars strutting out their Bistles,
 Black-Birds striving who best Whistles,
 Throats of Larks Trumpeting Day,
 Falcons beating down their Prey ;
 Hare and Deer crossing Bogs,
 Followed at the Heels by Dogs,
 Asses braying, Lyons roaring,
 Owls screeching, Eagles soaring,
 Foxes roused from their Den,
 Monkeys imitating Men.

Gardens Planting, Houses bigging,
 States and Princes Fleets out-rigging ;
 Antic fashions of Apparels,
 States and Princes pithing Quarrels :
 Wars, Rebels, Horse-Races
 Proclaim'd at several Market-places:
 Capers bringing in their Prizes,
 Commons cursing new Excises.
 Young Wives old Husbands Horning,
 Judges drunk every Morning ;
 Argumenting Law-suits and Divisions,
 By *Spanish* and by *French* Decisions,
 Courtiers their aims missing,
 Chaplains Widow-Ladies kissing ;
 Men to Sell their Lands itching,
 To pay th' expences of their Kitching.
 Frequent Changes, States Invading,
 Pulpits forcing, and perswading ;
 Great jars for Cloves and Maces,
 For Bishops, Lordships, and their Graces :

Lords

Lords in Stews, missing Purfes,
 While Pages make their Ladies Nurfes ;
 Preachers contradicting faſt
 This Year, what they preach'd the laſt ;
 Making in their Conſcience room
 For a Change the Year to come ;
 Some ſeeking Biſhopricks in vain,
 Wiſhing Preſbitery again ;
 Lawyers Counſels at ſuch Rates,
 That they coſt Men their whole Eſtates :
 What Money Men puts in their Hands,
 To get half back, they give their Lands :
 Phyſicians cheating young and old,
 Making both buy Death with Gold :
 Not verſ'd in *Æſculapius* Ways,
 Indicative and Critic Days
 They make too late, or elſe too ſoon,
 Not knowing the Motion of the Moon :
 Factions in Families and Towns,
 Ground manur'd by country Clowns ;
 In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Apples,
 Out-braving *Lombardy* and *Naples* :
 Priests diſeaſed of the Riples,
 Hirpling through the Streets like Criples.
 Phyſicians ſpoiled with the Pox,
 Sliding their Noſes with their Cloaks.
 Courtiers covering cankered Faiſters,
 With curled Periwiggs and Plaſters ;
 With wax-Noſes, golden Lips,
 With Paisboard mending Legs and Hips,
 Uſing all the Art they can,
 That they may ſeem a pretty Man.

Sturs in ^{the} ee of Blemish, like a Priest
 Mount ^{on} *rim Thummim* on his Breast :
 Will Ladies speaking ranting Words,
 Attir'd like Men, with Vests and Swords,
 With Perriwigs and long Locks,
 Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks :
 Making frivolous excuses,
 Men pretending to the Muses ;
 Some Selling Drink, some Selling Draff,
 Some Buffoons turn'd, to make Men Laugh :
 Some Publicans, some busy Medlers,
 Some turn'd Horse-Coopers, some Pedlers ;
 Some challeng'd for dreadful Things,
 As Stealing Silver-Spoons, and Rings :
 Having us'd many Viles before,
 That they might put them to the Door.
 Sundry Phylosophic Asses,
 By Dictating, teaching Classes,
 Not taking an Account again,
 Making Boys spend their Time in vain.
 Some dissipating little Mugs,
 Containing universal Druggs ;
 Physicians crying out amain,
 Where they cure One, they poyson Ten.
 Some getting Oyster-Boats to Dreg,
 Some making Saryrs for to Beg,
 Being reduced to those Wants,
 By several avaricious Saints,
 Who prov'd on them Drinking, Whoring,
 By slandering, forging, and perjuring :
 At last, for all their fair Pretension,
 Their Quarrel prov'd to be a Pension,

Which having got, then for Refuge;
 They bribe or cheat a silly Judge,
 By purloining, and forbearing,
 To stop the Cause from further Hearing;
 There was no Remedy for the Evil,
 All went Head-long to the Devil:
 That Father's saying is most true,
 Penitent Clerks are very few:
 Ere any shame shall them betide,
 They'l one Sin with another hide.

His Tube in higher Planets Heaven,
 Discovers many more than Seven.
Jove hath his Guard, with Thunder thumps,
 To beat down Covenants and Rumps:
 And *Saturn* hath his Pages too,
 When he meets *Jove* there is ado:
 Its good to some, and bad to other,
 Its never good to all together:
 For some go up, and some go down,
 Some gets, and some will lose a Crown:
 They say, such Things will now appear
 In less then Three and Thirty Year.
 Great Change of Government will be,
 As all affirm beyond the Sea:
 But all their Practices, and Viles,
 At this bout, will not reach our Isles:
 All is confin'd to the Main,
 And then it will about again:
 We need not break our Hearts for Sorrow;
 What's ours to Day, is theirs to Morrow:
 He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in Ire
 To set the World below on Fire;

Raifing fuch Fury in Men's Breasts,
 That Generals are made of Priests,
 Which them becomes, as all avow,
 As well as Saddle doth a Sow.
 He fees thofe Grooms, who Sun attends,
 Blowing on their burnt Finger-ends :
 Among whom *Mercury* doth ftand,
 Serving the Sun with Cap in Hand.
 He hath no Dwelling of his own,
 But is Domestic of the Sun.
Phæbus and he hath great Compassion
 On Arts now wearing out of fafhion :
 Yet fome will flourish, they forefaw
 Romances, and the Cannon-Law.
 He fees, with *Venus* Pages are,
 Who Pimps were to the God of War :
 When jealous *Vulcan*, fick of Love,
 Would needs himfelf a Cuckold prove ;
 Like feveral Great-ones here below,
 Though fome conceal what they do know.

His Tube once levelled at the Sky,
 Sundry, yet hid Lights doth efpy :
 Some leffer ones, and fome more grofs,
 Between the Boars and Southern Crofs ;
 Some on *Pegasus* his Hoove,
 And fome upon his Mafters Love,
 And fome upon her Mothers Chair,
 And fome on *Berenices* Hair ;
 And fome upon the Serpent's Sting,
 And fome upon the *Eagle's* Wing :
 And fome upon the *Ram's* Horn,
 Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*.

And some he sees upon the *Bull*,
 And some upon *Orion's* Skull ;
 And some on *Nessus* mortal Foe,
 And some on *Cancer's* meikle Toe :
 Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
 And some upon *Antinous* Hip,
 And some he sees upon the *Twins*,
 And some upon the *Fishes* Fins ;
 And some he sees on *Libra's* Scale,
 And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail ;
 Which little Bear and Pole entangles,
 And some he sees on the Triangles :
 Some on the Harp, some on the Swan,
 Some on the Crown, some on the Cran ;
 Some on the Whale, some on the Trout,
 And some upon the great Dog's Snout ;
 And some upon the Virgin's Knees,
 On *Crinita*, between her Thighs,
 Which makes her blush, and turn her Look
 North-East, upon *Boote's* Dock :
 Which the base Clown regardeth not,
 But spurns her backward with his Foot
 And almost lames her on the Knee,
 Which barbarous Incivilitie
 Is evident to any Man,
 By the Glob of *Vatican*.

And finally, that Tract of Light
 Which we see in a frosty Night ;
 And caused Philosophic Jarrs,
 He finds to be the Light of Stars :
 Which just so shining, he doth mark,
 As Haddocks Heads do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can,
 Scarce solvable by any Man :
 If Number of Stars be odd or even;
 What's beyond the outmost Heaven;
 If Substance of the Heavens be mix'd,
 If Stars do move, in Orbs infix'd :
 Or if they move, as others clatter,
 As Fowl in Air, or Fish in Water.
 Since *Jewish* Sabbath is begun,
 And Ends with setting of the Sun.
 How that Sabbath observ'd can be
 Beyond the Sixty Eight Degree
 Of Latitude ; since *Antipods*
 In Sun-shining, have such odds.
 How both Sabbaths Observation
 Jumps with the Sabbath of Creation :
 The one and other Question
 Sorely puzzled *Solomon*,
 In that great Dispute, that between
 Was him and that *Arabian* Queen :
 Or *Ethiopian*, as some other,
 Who make her *Prestor John's* Mother.
 Against the late Star-gazers Schism,
 And *Argolus* Paralogism :
 He finds Comets are plac'd no where
 But in some Region of the Air.
 He finds with admirable speed
 Their Parallax by a Threed :
 He finds their Eyes perceive not well,
 Or else Dioptriques make them reel,
 And that their Brain's not worth a Turd,
 Who calls them *Via Lactea's* Curd ;

The same he thinks of many others,
 Who say, they are new Stars half Brothers;
 Of which last, if he espy one,
 He bids let God's Secrets alone.

He finds both Comets and Eclipses,
 But perty Fortune-telling Gipsies:
 The like uncertainty he sees
 In change of Excentricities.
 But he foresees with Prophet's Unction,
 The Effects of a great Conjunction;
 Before the Age begin again,
Spain shall have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*.
 The Monarchy shall spread no further,
 If *Dutch* and *English* hold together.
 And though they do great Tribulation,
 Follows a *Gothish* Inundation,
 Spreading from *Pomer* into *Scluse*,
 In Defence of the Flower de Luce;
 Their Mutiny for want of Pay
 Proves to the *French* a dismal Day.
 Then *English* shall say, God be thanked,
 The *French* are like Flees in a Blanket.
 They soon skip out, as they did in,
 Their Conquest ends ere it begin.
 They marr all by unstable Carriage,
 As in their old *Italian* Voyage;
 When quite forsaken of their Helps,
 They first brought Shankers ov'r the *Alps*.
 He doth foresee another Wonder,
 Nations in Place, and Hearts afunder,
 Shall straitly be conjoin'd in one,
 Against the Whore of *Babylon*.

And though those Nations be but poor,
 Rich Kings who fornicate the Whore,
 Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
 When Rain and South-winds makes a Thaw.
 What Men they are, he will not clatter,
 Lest some think he intends to flatter.
 Then all shall be serene and clear,
 And Saints shall reign a Thousand Year :
 If not, let it not be forgotten,
 To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Conversion,
 The manner of the World's Everſion.
 If Fire shall burn the Heav'ns to Embers,
 If separate Souls their Friends remembers ;
 If those new Reasons do make good
 The Circulation of the Blood :
 If Webs of Cloth be made of Stones,
 If Pox can be chas'd from the Bones ;
 If Minerals nourish as Grain,
 If Rats once dead can live again;
 And of such like Resurrections,
 If by Attractions, and Ejections,
 Men may lend, or borrow Blood :
 If universal Drugs be good ;
 If Satyr-makers ever thrive,
 If any Thing which they contrive ;
 If there be such of any Nation.
 Who are not driven to Desperation,
 Giving to all, who them defends,
 Still forest on the Finger-ends,
 Though never wiser Man was born,
 He knows not how to dine the Morn :

No more then he sees when shall come
The Moment of the Day of Doom.

The Whiggs him circled in a Ring,
And he stood like a Nine-pin King ;
After a Pause and a Cough,
And sundry clawings of his Hough :
Upon his Tiptoes he arose,
And with his Fingers wip'd his Nose,
And cleans'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
Delivering those following Speeches.

Hear, O ye Remnant of *Isra'l*,
Who have not bow'd your Knees to *Baal*,
For which ye undergo the Cross ;
Ye Gold refined from the Dross ;
Ye winnow'd Corn, purg'd from the Chaff,
Ye Sp'rit of Malt drawn from the Draff ;
Who to the good Cause are no shame,
Ye Covenanters, Cruds and Cream ;
E're one a *Pater Noster* utter,
Some will turn Cheese, and others Butter,
And each will feed his hungry Brother,
If we should chance to eat each other.
Ye who still pray for those who wrong you,
God grant there be no Rogues among you,
As arch as any of the Nation :
I have caus'd Pen a Supplication,
Which must be sent unto the King,
From whom some must an Answer bring :
Ile read it out that ye may mend it,
And then advise by whom to send it.
Then answered the whole Croud,
Bidding him read it out aloud.

Seeking

Seeking his Lunets forth, he farted,
 At which, they who stood nearest started ;
 Those further off took such Alarms,
 Some cry'd to Legs, some cry'd to Arms :
 What was the Matter, none could think,
 Till all of them did Smell the Srink,
 Then having hush'd their Shouts and Hollows,
 He did begin to read as follows.

The SUPPLICATION.

SIR, though there be but Few among us,
 Who bids at every Word *God-damn-us* ;
 Though we come not to Martial Clofes,
 Half-gelded, and without our Noses :
 As not accustom'd to those Tricks,
 Which hurts Men's Noses and their Pricks :
 Although we do not rant and swagger,
 Nor Drink in Taverns till we stagger,
 And then engage in drunken Quarrels,
 Where Wit goes out by tooming Barrels ;
 Where some throw Stoops, and others Glasses,
 Some struggle with the Serving-Lasses ;
 Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
 Some strive to Cuckold the Good-Man.
 Some mean their Elbow, some their Head,
 Some cry alas, their Shoulder-blade ;
 And some with spilled Drink are dreeping,
 And some sit on a Privy Sleeping :
 Some do not know at whom they're striking,
 And some are busie Pockets Piking :

Some

Some have their Hair, with Fingers freezed,
 And some cry out, they'r Circumcised.
 Some have their Faces and their Throple
 All scratched with Tobacco-Stoples :
 Some Coals with naked Swords are hewing,
 And some ly in a Corner Spewing :
 And other some get bloody Fingers,
 By grasping naked Knives and Whingers,
 When they the Fray intend to red,
 When it were better they were a-Bed :
 And some cry, ye disturb the Laird,
 And some cry, fy, bring Bailly Baird,
 A Man who is obliged much
 Unto the War against the *Dutch*,
 At that they call the Wench to reckon,
 She comes, and counts up Three for One,
 But Gains not much, though she to Trick it,
 Beside her loss of Burges Ticket :
 They tell her, they will Money borrow,
 And come and Pay their Shot to Morrow :
 Their Officers, the other Day,
 Had Dic'd, and Drunk, and Whor'd their Pay.

Sir, though we do not play such Pranks,
 For which we give unto God Thanks :
 Yet we your Loyal Subjects are,
 To serve you both in Peace and War.
 With our Fortunes, and our Lives,
 But if our Consciences and our Wives
 By any Man be medled with,
 We'l both defend with all our Pith.
 Sir, our Conscience to compel,
 Is to force our Souls to Hell.

If we do Good, and think it Evil,
 In that we more obey the Devil,
 Then doing Ill, which we think Good,
 If holy Writ be understood.

Sir, we have been sore oppressed,
 Our Wives and serving-Lasses cessed,
 Either to give beyond their Reach,
 Or else hear some Hirelings preach :
 Who preach nought else, but rail and rant
 Against the holy Covenant :
 And yet it's known, that the Nation
 Did take it, at their Instigation :
 For which, of late, they were so hearty,
 When it was the prevailing Party,
 That they urg'd State, as they were wood,
 To take some's Means, and other's Blood :
 And others they compel'd to flee,
 And hide themselves beyond the Sea :
 And that, Sir, for no other Reason,
 But Ante-covenanting Treason.

But now, Sir, when the Guise doth turn,
 They preach Nothing, but hang, and burn,
 And harry all those of the Nation,
 Who do refuse the Declaration :
 Persuading us with Tales and Fictions,
 To take Oaths which are Contradictions :
 Having, for Love of worldly Pelf
 First taken contrair Oaths themself.

At the first, Sir, God be thanked,
 We sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket ;
 And Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
 Meal and Pease, Barley and Oats,

Butter

Butter and Cheese, and Wool-Fleeces,
 For Groats and Fourty Penny-pieces ;
 Capons and Hens, and Geese and Piggs,
 Oxen and Horse which till'd our Riggs ;
 And which our very Hearts pierces,
 Master *Zachary Boyd's* Verses,
Dickson's Sermons, *Guthrie's* Libels,
Bessie of Lanerk, and our Bibles,
 And learn'd Religion by Tradition,
 Which smells of Popish Superstition :
 To pay our Fines we were so willing,
 Which was for each Fault Twenty Shilling :
 Though we alledg'd for our Defence,
 It was too much by Eighteen Pence.

At last, we had no more to give,
 Neither knew we how to live ;
 They felled all our Hens and Cocks,
 And rooted out our Kail-Stocks,
 And cast them ov'r the Dikes away,
 And bid us, jeering, *Fast and Pray*.
 Being incens'd with such Harms,
 We were necessitate to Arms ;
 And through the Country we did come,
 We had far better stay'd at Home.
 We did nothing but hunt the Glaiks,
 For after we had got our Paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 And condemn'd us in Affizes,
 To be hang'd up every where,
 And fix'd our Heads up here and there.
 Once dreadful Heads, Sir, all did doubt them,
 They had so meikle Wit about them.

And

And we, who scap'd those grievous Crosses,
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses,
 Where we fed on sodden Leather,
 Mingled with Crops of Heather :
 Which, our Hunger to assuage,
 We thought most savory Pottage :
 For Drink, it was no small Matter,
 If we got clear, not muddy Water ;
 In which, we heartily do wish
 There be none who desire to Fish ;
 That by the Devil's Instigation,
 Brings on us all this Tribulation.
 When in that Case we could not stand,
 We sallay, Sir, with Sword in Hand ;
 Let Men cry Rebels till they grow hoarse,
 We're Subjects nev'r a whit the worse.
 Though we prefer you not to God,
 Who do so Sir, their Faith will nod.
 If Government take changing Tours,
 They will renounce both you, and yours ;
 As doth appear by some of late,
 When the Usurper rul'd the State :
 They strove Sir, to be sent a-pace
 To abjure you in the World's Face.
 Though some, Sir, of our Dunivassals
 Stood out, like *Eglington* and *Cassils*,
 And others, striving to sit still,
 Were forc'd to go against their Will :
 Yet other some, as all Men knows,
 Who should be sent, were near to Blows ;
 That is, at very boystrous Words,
 Putting their Hands upon their Swords,

To make Men think that they were stout,
 When it was known the VWorld throughout,
 To Fight your Foes when they were sent,
 They always took the Bog a-silent,
 And running from the Fight by stealth,
 VWould then sit down and drink your Health:
 And since they could not think, like Asses,
 To beat your Foes by drinking Glasses:
 It's evident Sir, as we think,
 They drank your Health for love of Drink.

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed,
 VWho so forsook the Lord's anointed;
 They were not all alike regarded,
 Some VWell, and some were Ill rewarded:
 They who play'd best with both the Hands
 Inrich'd were by their Neighbour's Lands.
 Some from their Creditors got Refuges,
 Some were made Clerks, and others Judges:
 Some swearing their Stocks were spent,
 Strove to get down their Annualrent:
 Detaining, Sir, by that Extortion,
 The Fatherless and VVidow's Portion,
 VWhich usuring Fathers lent to Lairds,
 VWho play'd it all at Dice and Cards:
 VWhich forc'd some Lasses to Miscarriage,
 Because they could not get a Marriage.
 But among those of stricter Life,
 The Truth-tell-colour grew so rise,
 That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces,
 Of those who could not Paint their Faces.
 But other some got Mocks and Scorns
 By giving to their Land-Lord Horns.

And

And spewing Claret, mull'd with Eggs,
 Between the Lord Protectors Legs,
 When they did endeavour to pray
 Before him, on a Fasting-Day.
 Some *Whally's* Bible did begarie,
 By letting flee at it Canarie ;
 Taking it up, where it lay next,
 That they might read on it the Text :
 When *Cromwel* preach'd with great Applause
 The Revelation of his Cause :
 And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
 And other some brought home the Pox :
 Giving foul Linnings all the wite,
 Some turn'd your Friends for meer Despight,
 Vowing you never to withstand
 Again, without something in Hand.
 And some turn'd Ordinance forsakers,
 Others for Grief of Heart turn'd Quakers :
 Some in their Conscience took Remorse,
 Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarse,
 And made the Standers-by admira
 To see them take the Fits of *Spira*.
 To bring those troubled Souls to Peace,
 Some reads *Alvarez* Helps to Grace ;
 Some *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul*,
 Some cited Passages of *Paul* :
 Explaining well what he did say ;
 Some reads on Mr. *Andrew Gray* :
 Some told the Danger of Back-sliding,
 Some the good of Faith abiding :
 Some reads the Cases of *Richard Binning*,
 Some *Ferguson* reads of *Kilwinning* :

And some them pressed very fore
 To hear a little of Doctor *More* :
 But others cry'd, away, and Tush
 With Vipers in a Balmy Bush ?
 With blind Pilots, guiding Ferries,
 With Toads lurking in Straw-berries.
 His Doctrine of Justification
 Drives all the Court to Desperation :
 Few there are saved, as we guess,
 By their inherent Righteousness.
 He hath some good among great evils ;
 He tells of Bastard-getting Devils
 Of their Bodies, or Vehicles,
 Their Herauldry and Coventicles.
 It's sport to see his Fancy wander
 In their Male and Female Gender.
 He doth so punctually tell
 The whole Economy of Hell,
 That some affirm he is *Puck Hary*,
 Some, he hath walked with the Fairy.
 Though Intellectuals be neat,
 Though he mean well, and is no Cheat,
 His Case is desperate and sad,
 For too much Learning makes him mad.
 We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,
 Or we will read on *Bessie Clark*,
 Or else on *Baker's Heavenly Beam*,
 Or on the *Lady Culrofs Dream* ;
 Which sundry drunken Asses flout,
 Not seeing the Jewel within the Clout.
 Like Combs of Cocks, who takes no heed
 When they *Gower* or *Chancer* read.

When they had said, and read their fill,
 It did not cure the Patient's Ill :
 They still cry on, and howl, and mourn,
 Their Counsels would not serve the Turr.
 No Comfort at all find they can,
 Until a grave and reverend Man
 Advise them to resist Temptation,
 With *Spanisb* Wine, and Fornication.

Those Rebels also to obey,
 Those Hirelings ceas'd for you to pray :
 Because their Stipends, and their Living
 Were at the foresaid Rebel's giving.
 They thought a Man a venial Sinner,
 Who left Sworn-Duty for his Dinner :
 Yea, some of them were of Opinion,
 They might pray for that Devils Minion!
 They would not strick for Love of Pelf,
 To pray, Sir, for the Devil himself :
 But we, in the Usurpers Faces,
 Remembred you in Prayers and Graces ;
 And if we had had Guns and Swords,
 Our Actions would have back'd our Words.
 Our Fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,
 We thought to do it all alone.

Since it was only want of Wit,
 Since it was a Distraction-fit ;
 We pray you, Sir, be no Despiser
 Of us, whom God hath made no wiser.

Royal Sir, to those our Times
 Apply'd may be a Poet's Rhimes,
 Who courtly singeth, that a Wight
 Obeying King, in Wrong or Right ;

If that the King to Wrack should go,
 Will in like manner turn his Foe :
 But who obey no sinful Thing,
 Do still prove constant to their King.
 The Rhime is barbarous and rude,
 But Sir, the Saying's rich and good ;
 In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
 We have it in a Manuscript :
 The Good-man keeps it, as we think,
 Behind a Dish, upon the Bink :
 And yer it's thought by many a Man
 Most worthy of the *Vatican*.
 It's worthy, Sir, of your Saint *James*
 That stands upon the River *Thames* :
 Yell not find Saying such another,
 Put all their gilded Books together :
 Tho' with these Two ye join in One
 The Bibliothec of *Prefter John*.
 Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
 As *Philip* did *Memento mori*.

Since then we Arm for Conscience sake,
 May't it please you, Sir, some Pity take,
 And not by Bishops Instigation
 Force on us the Declaration,
 Or make us give, beyond our Reach,
 To keep's from hearing Hirelings preach ;
 Who last Year preached Oaths to take,
 And this Year preacheth them to break :
 When they have forced Men to take them,
 Then first of all, themselves they break them.
 Except God, Sir, their Manners mend,
 They'l Oath it to the World's End.

Men either must forswear themself
 As oft as they turn Coats for Pelf,
 Or else their Conscience is so scurvie,
 They will turn all Things topsie-turvie;
 And we will give what we can reach
 To keep's from hearing those Men preach;
 As Achisons, Balbies and Placks,
 Which is enough, Sir, for our Packs;
 Likewise, in any other Thing
 We will obey you, as our King.
 If ye require it at our Hands,
 We'll quit to you both Lives and Lands.
 Nothing to fight can us compel,
 Except to keep our Souls from Hell;
 Whatever Mischief us befall,
 Or else the Devil take us all.
 Ye need not, Sir, distrust, or fear,
 When Our-Law-Whiggs, do ban, or swear;
 It doth unto the World appear,
 Keeping our Oaths hath cost us dear.
 We pray God, that Your Majesty,
 And then Your Royal Progeny,
 May Peace and Truth with us defend,
 As Kings, unto the World's End.
 We with all Duty and Respect
 Your gracious Answer do expect.

*A Debate between the Knight and Squire, about
 the mending of the Petition, and who should
 carry it to the King.*

ANd thus the Supplication ended,
 The Squire cry'd out, it should be mended
 Being

Being desir'd to tell the Cause,
 First with all Ten his Arse he claws,
 And then his Elbow, and his Head,
 Winking a while, as he were dead ;
 And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
 At last his Reason tumbled out ;
 To wit, it did not move to grant
 Renewing of the Covenant.

Knight.

At which the Knight gave such a Groan,
 As would have rent a Heart of Stone ;
 And casting both his Eyes to Heaven,
 He said, not though the Earl of *Levin*
 Were on our Heads, we durst not do it,
 'Tis base to put the King so to it :
 'Tis a most presumptuous Thing
 To cross the Conscience of a King.
 Some honest Men did never take it ;
 Some honest also were who broke it ;
 But he who breaks't against his Light,
 Let it be wrong, let it be right,
 By Prophets and Apostles Leave
 We dare aver he is a Knave.
 On Singulars we will not harp,
 For the Apply will be too sharp.
 We put down Bishops, to our Cost,
 Yet Two or Three still rul'd the Roast ;
 Some of which play'd such Pranks at Home,
 As never Pope presum'd at *Rome*.
 'Tis the simplest of all Tricks
 To suffer Fools have Chopping-Sticks,

A Sword put in a wood-Man's Hand,
Bred meikle Trouble to the Land.

Squire.

The Squire reply'd, they'r scarce of New
Who tells, their Mother haunted Stews.
Who on his Brother rubs Disgrace,
He spits upon his Mothers Face.
Each Covenanter is our Brother,
The Covenant of all is Mother.
Their Wit is dull, and very gross,
Who think where Gold is, there's no Dross
Where there is Corn, there may be Chaff,
Where there is Malt, there may be Draff:
Thistles with Corn grow on the Riggs,
And Rogues may lurk among the Whiggs.
And Friars in Lent may be Flesh-eaters,
And Covenanters may be Cheaters;
And Weeds grow up with fairest Flowers,
And fighting Sisters may be Whores.
As Fruit on Trees grow, so grow Leaves,
Its certain Bishops may be Knaves;
Its known to all, the Devil may dwell
In some of Fourteen, as of Twell.
To blame a Cause for Persons Vices,
Is one of Satan's main Devices,
By which he very oft doth make
Well-meaning Men the Truth forsake,
But let us first the Question state,
Before we enter in Debate,
Which of the Two should bear the Sway,
The Miters, or the Elders-lay.

Knight.

The Knight did pause a pretty while,
 Then answer'd with a scornful Smile,
 I tell thee, Fool, I think Government
 Of Church, a Thing of small Concernment :
 The Truth it's very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the learnedst Mind.
 Some do the Presbytry conceive
 New forg'd by *Calvin* at *Geneve* ;
 Some say, he puts to Execution
Paul the Apostle's Institution,
 Which suffered Exile and Ejection,
 The Time of *Paul's* foretold Defection,
 Some say, since Bishops did appear,
 Is more than Fifteen hundred Year ;
 Some say, that then they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in ;
 That *Paul's* Iniquities, Mystery working,
 Was Men, then for Precedency forking.
 Some Presbyterians do conclude,
 But Bishops say, such Thoughts delude :
 Which comes from Brains which have a Bee,
 Like *Urquhart's Trigonometrie*.
 Some Bishops prove by Scripture-phrases
 As by the Word *υπερυνας*
 How *John* the Angels seven did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in Greet ;
 But other some holdly asserts,
 Who reason so, the Text perverts.
 Some call the Bishops Weather-Cocks,
 Who where their Heads were turn their Docks.

Still stout for them who gives them most,
 And who will make them rule the Rost.
 Some say, that Bishops have been good,
 And seal'd the Gospel with their Blood;
 As ready for the Truth at call,
 As any Whigg among us all.
 Perhaps a railing foolish Ranter
 Will tell a Bishop Covenanter
 An honest Clergy-man will be,
 When Cable-passeth Needle's Eye:
 For some of such had play'd a Pavie,
 Though all the Cables of the Navie
 In one, should pass through Needle's Eye,
 Whiggs still would doubt their Honesty.
 Some say, a Bishop Covenanter,
 If a penitent Repenter,
 Causeth more Joy to Sp'rits Divine;
 Than all the other Ninety Nine,
 Some father Tales upon King *James*,
 To sundry Presbyterian Dames,
 That he was forc'd of Knaves to make them,
 For Devil an honest Man would take them.
 Some say, the King gave never Leave
 To make a Bishop of a Knave.
 That those Men are Evil-speakers,
 Tax'd by *Jude*, spiritual Quakers:
 That none doth hate Nobility;
 For Quakers blaming Herauldry.
 And some again are, who compares
 Our Bishops unto Baiting-Bears;
 Who, if they be not kept in aw,
 They will tear all with Teeth and Paw:

Yet tractable in every Thing,
 If in their Snout ye put a Ring.
 And many Men again there be
 Who say the same of Presbytrie;
 And some say this, and some say that,
 And some affirm, they know not what,
 It's Grief to see them Scripture vex,
 And wrest it, like a Nose of Wax;
 And he who is deceived most
 All fathers on the Holy Ghost:
 Some quitting Prophets and Apostles,
 Thinks best to plead the Cause by Postills:
 And some do dispute by Tradition,
 Some calls that Popish Superstition;
 And some affirm, that they had rather,
 Follow a Council, than a Father:
 And some affirm, it buits not whether,
 They are blind Leaders all together.
 And since the Truth is found by none,
 No more than is that turn Gold Stone,
 It's best, *Zancho* for ought I see,
 To take a Pint, and then agree.
 Let Men have Bishops at their ease,
 And hear what Preachers best them please:
 If we be freed of Declaration,
 And of that other great Vexation
 We mentioned in our Petition,
 We'll alter it on no Condition:
 Then we will serve the King as much
 Against the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,
 As any in his Three Dominions
 Who hateth us, or our Opinions:

If he command us, we will come
 Like *Gorbs*, and Scale the Walls of *Rome*,
 And bereave *Babel's* Whore of Breath,
 Or die the Duke of *Bourbon's* Death.

Squire.

The Squire made many odd Grimass
 Ere he could speak, like *Balaam's* Ass ;
 Sometime he wink'd, sometime look'd up,
 And running backward like a Tupp,
 For to return with greater Force,
 He snorted like a very Horse ;
 One Thought upon another tumbled,
 One while he grin'd, another grumbled.
 At last, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durie*,
 He gave a Broad-side in a Fury :
 Looking as he would eat them all,
 His Words flew out like Cannon-Ball.
 The Love of Pelf comes from the Devil,
 It's Root of all Mischief and Evil :
 It makes Lords sup without a Candle,
 When none can see their Knife to handle :
 While to bring Candles Servants lingers,
 Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers,
 It makes Fore-heads and Shins to bleed,
 By saving Candle, to light to Bed.
 It makes them keep their Cellar Keys,
 Set secret Marks on Hamms and Cheese ;
 Which, if but in the least defaced,
 Wives, Servants, Bairns are all menaced.
 It makes them prigg for Milk and Eggs,
 Put in a Broth Cock's, halves, and Leggs :

It makes them clout Elbows and Breasts,
 Keep rinded Butter in Charter Chests,
 Till Rats eat all their Law Defences,
 And Families old Evidences :
 It makes them pay their Masons Wages
 By Usury, on Wedds, and Gadges
 Taken from Widows, who were plundred,
 By paying Fourty in the Hundred.
 It corrupts Hamell, sharp, and sweet,
 It poysons all, like *Aconite* :
 If it touch Hide, it goes to Heart,
 And so affecteth every Part.
 The Great-ones do berray their Trust,
 Ladies throw Honour in the Dust,
 Like those who trod the *Cyprian* Dance
 With that *Financier* of *France*.
 It Puritans doth make of Ranters.
 And Cavaleers of Covenanters ;
 Of Lords and Earls it makes Drapers,
 Of Priests and Levites it makes Caper.
 It maketh grave and reverend Cheats
 In Pulpits, and Tribunal Seats :
 For any Crime it finds Defences,
 With Oaths, it like a Pope dispenses :
 It causeth among Brethren Strife,
 It makes a Man Pimp to his Wife :
 It makes yield Fortresses and Towns
 Sooner then Armies with great Guns :
 It sets a-fire Cities and Streets,
 It raiseth Tragedies in Fleets ;
 It makes the vanquished victorious,
 And Foyl then Victory more glorious :

It makes Rebellion rise and fall,
 And hath such Influence on all,
 That whom it made rebellious Nurses,
 It loyal makes, to fill their Purfes :
 It causeth many a bloody Strife,
 When needy Male-content grow rise ;
 Then by it Church and State are mended,
 And will be till the World be ended.
 Master, we all observe and mark,
 Since ye once doubt, ye will embarque.
 Why do ye Conscience so neglect ?
 Or, what, Master, can ye expect ?
 Although among the Whiggs ye preach,
 A Bishopric ye cannot reach :
 For Bishoprics are giv'n to none
 Like Presbiterian *John Gillon*,
 Who, when he takes his preaching-turn,
 Will make moe laugh than he makes mourn,
 Ye have infus'd in us Sedition,
 Ye will us leave in that Condition :
 And then cause print a Book of Season,
 Tax whom ye have seduc'd of Treason,
 And when so doing, all Men see,
 Ye sing the *Palinod* of *Lee*.
 The Cavaleers will still you call
 The archeft Rebel of us all.
 Thus having said, he made Halt,
 And stood like *Lot's* Wife turn'd to Salt,
 With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
 He did expect the Knights Reply.

Knight.

Who stroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip;
 And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip,
 He wray'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
 He changed more than Twenty Hues ;
 His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter,
 His Eyes turn'd up, his Bum did clatter,
 His Tongue on Teeth and Gumes did hammer,
 He fain would speak, but still did stammer :
 His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth,
 Till through his Epileptic Mouth
 Those following Speeches fierce and loud
 Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud.
 Thou poysons all, my little *Grex*;
 Thou Sentence-speaking *Carnifex* :
 Thou hardy and presumptuous are
 To meddle so with Peace and War ;
 Rub my Horse Belly, and his Coats,
 And when I get them, dight my Boots ;
 For they are better than Gramashes
 For me, who through the Dubs so plashe :
 Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
 Those of the Priest of *Livingston* ;
 Who, when they hid them in the Riggs,
 Said they were plunder'd by the Whiggs,
 Unto another Priest, his Marrow,
 Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
 Whose Boots were plundered indeed,
 As was his Salt Beef, and his Steed.
 Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
 To meddle with things without thy Sphear ;
Like

Like Taylors making Boots or Shoes,
 Or like Shoe-makers making Hose.
 Like some I know, as blind as Owls,
 Playing at Tennice, and at Bowls.
 And some shooting at a Mark,
 Like *Passavantius* playing the Clerk,
 Who medled with, he knew not what,
 That he might get from *Rome* a Hat.
 Men oft by Change of Station rines,
 Good Lawyers may prove bad Divines :
 Like *Sadoletto's* Dog in Satin,
 Like *Ignoramus* speaking Latin :
 Which raised most unnatural jarrs,
 As between Law and Gospel Wars.
 Like *Bembo's* Parrat singing Masses,
 Like Men of Seventy courting Lasses ;
 Like Highland Ladies knoping Speeches,
 When they are scolding for the Breeches ;
 Like *Massonella* freeing *Naples*,
 From *Gabels* put on Roots and Apples.
 Like Taylors scanning State Concernments,
 Or Coblers clouting Church-Governments.
 Like some attempting Tricks in Statiques,
 Not vers'd in *Euclid's* Mathematiques.
 Like Pipers mending *Morley's* Music,
 Or Gardners *Paracelsus's* Physic.
 Like Atheists pleading Law Refuges ;
 Like country Triesters turning Judges.
 Like Preachers stirring up Devotions,
 By preaching Military Motions ;
 Proving their Uses and Didactiques,
 By Passages of *Ælian's* Tactiques.

Like Ladies making Water standing,
 Like young Lairds, Horse and Foot commanding.
 Like Monkeys playing on a Fiddle,
 Or Eunuchs on a Ladies Middle.
 Like Gilliwetfoots purging States
 By Papers thrown in Pokes or Hats,
 That they might be, when purg'd from Dung
 Secretaries for the *Irish* Tongue.
 Great Wounds, yet cureable, still faister,
 When Fools presume to rule their Master :
 As sad Experience teach'd of late,
 When such reformed Church and State :
 Though all the Publick did pretend,
 All almost had a private End.
 There was no Place of War, or State,
 But was by Twenty aimed at ;
 Wherefore Nineteen were disappointed,
 Which made the Body whole disjointed ;
 And rais'd among them such Divisions,
 That they were to their Friends Derisions.
 Some aim'd at the Embroidered Purse,
 Some the Finances to deburse,
 And other some thought to be Getters,
 By writing of the Privy-Letters :
 Some aim'd at Privy-Seal, or Rolls,
 Some Customs gather in, and Tolls :
 Some did dry Quarterings enforce,
 Some lodg'd in Pockets, Foot and Horse :
 Yet still Bogg-scinted, when they yoked,
 For all the Garrison in their Pocket :
 And some made Men Mortgage their Lands,
 To lend Money on Public Bands,

To be pay'd at the Resurrection :
 Some Fines pay'd who oppos'd Defection ;
 Some sold the Souldiers mity Meal,
 And some did from the Public steal ;
 And some, as every Body says,
 Us'd more than other Twenty Ways :
 Yet notwithstanding of all that,
 They were lean Kine devouring fat.
 None gained by those bloody Fairds,
 But Two Three Beggars who turn'd Lairds ;
 Who stealing public Geese and Wedders,
 Were freed, by rendering Skin and Feathers.
 When others of this Church and Nation
 Returns unto their former Station :
 And now, for all their Stomachs stout,
 Comes home more Fools than they went out.
 Thou, like a Fire-brand, dost advise
 Us to be Fools, when all are wise :
 Thy Endéavours are all in vain,
 E'er we shall play such Pranks again,
 The *Patagons* shall Masses mumble,
 The Dons of *Spain* shall all be humble,
Italians shall speak as they think,
Germans, when Sun's set, shall not drink ;
Swedes gaining Day, shall not pile Baggage,
 And *Englisk* hate shall Beef and Cabbage,
 The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jarr,
Danes shall gain by a *Swedish* War ;
 Victorious *Turk* shall stand to Reason,
Scots shall be beat, and not blame Treason ;
 The *Dutch* shall Brandy slight, and Butter,
 And *England* conquer by *De Ruyter* :

The first burnt Ardor of *French* Hearts
 Shall not turn to a rack of Farts,
 And they shall spell as they do speak,
 And they shall sing as they do prick :
 With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches,
 Nor change the Fashion of their Breeches.
 All shall have for assured News,
 That *Pope* from *Rome* have banish'd Stews :
 Rebellion shall return from Hell ;
 And do Things which I will not tell.
 Though it were true, as some compares
 Our Bishops unto bairring Bears,
 Who, if they be not kept in aw,
 They will rear all with Teeth and Paw.
 Yet many utterly mislikes,
 That Burcher Presbyterian Tycks
 Should flee upon their Throats and Faces,
 To curb their Lordships, and their Graces :
 His Majesty, without all doubt,
 Should only Ring them in the Snout.
 If they so twell, that none can bide
 Their Malice, Avarice, and Pride ;
 Vices, which all the World doth ken
 Familiar to Clergy-men ;
 Of which, though palliat with Art,
 Our own Presbytry had their Part.
 Our Duty is, with all Submission,
 To press the Grant of our Petition :
 The King will suffer us, perchance,
 As *Lewis* doth *Huggonots* in *France* :
 And in his Wars, Civil and Forraign,
 Make me Command in Chief, like *Turrain*.

And though he grant not our Demands,
 Away with Covenants and Bands ;
 Kings must command, we must obey,
 They Rebels are, who Truth gain-say.
 Some tell, we must the Truth so love,
 As of it not to quite a hoove.
 As said another Fool, thy Marrow,
 As if his Majesty were *Pharo*.
 For my part, ere I trouble Peace,
 I'll Bishops cail, *My Lord and Grace* ;
 And kneel at the Communion Table,
 Make Christmass-Feasts, if I be able :
 Private Sacraments I'll avow
 Childrens confirming I'll allow ;
 And I will hear the Organs play,
 And *Amen* to the Service say.
 I'll Surplice wear, and High-sleev'd Gown,
 And to the Altar I'll bow down.
 Yea, e're his Majesty be wroth,
 I'll Primat be, and Chancellor both.

Squire.

The Squire replied in a Chaff,
 He girn'd so, that he seem'd to laff :
 And when ye travel in Carosses,
 Ye will salute the Hie-way Crosses ;
 And when with Danger ye are prest,
 Ye will cross, sign Fore-head and Breast.
 And ye will to our Lady pray,
 And travel on the Sabbath Day ;
 And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
 All Sermon Time at Dice and Cards ;
 And Duels fight, like those of *France*,

And Drunk and Cripple lead a Dance,
 And ye will venture Ax and Rope,
 By writing Letters to the Pope,
 To tell him, though ye hear by *Haman*,
 Ye worship with the King, like *Naman*,
 And then accuse us all of Treason,
 When ye put out your Book of Season.

Knight.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about,
 Thus thundering with a dreadful Shout,
 Constant Madneſs thy Brains inthrals,
 Thou haſt no Lucid Intervals.
 Thy Waſpiſh Tongue will never fail
 To prate, to ſcold, revile and rail :
 Though Men ſhould bray thee all to Powder,
 Thou ſtill, *Theriſtes*, plays the louder.
 All honeſt and unbiſs'd ken
 Thoſe whom thou means't, were worthy Men,
 They had ſome Faults, though not ſo big,
 As rotten Flies, to ſpoil a Pigg
 Of Ointment ; ſooner it is known,
 We others Faults ſee, than our own.
 Preſbyterian, never one
 Faultleſs, at them could caſt a Stone.
 It's certain, it comes from the Devil,
 To hide Men's Good, and tell their Evil :
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cox-comb, void of Reaſon,
 To tell me of a Book of Season ;
 Thou learn'd'ſt when thou kept'ſt Sheep & Hogs,
 With one Stone for to hit Two Dogs.

Though thou spue Venom like a Toad,
That Book is much esteem'd abroad.

Squire.

The Squire replyed, many deem
Beyond Sea it is in esteem :
When once it passed *Pentland* Firth,
It rais'd among them such a Mirth,
That some for Laughter burst their Rheens;
And other some did split their Soleens :
They cherish'd it in every School,
To be their *Bibliotheca's* Fool ;
When serious reading Health did spill,
That they might read and laugh their fill :
Physicians it prescrib'd to Men
As Cure approved for the Spleen :
At publick Meetings, and at Feasts,
It was the Topicks of their Jest.
Some say, since known, all his Life
To have had with the Bishops Strife :
Since for the Covenant none more wood,
To make Three Nations swim in Blood :
Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
Who 'gainst the Engagement did not preach :
Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
Since Bishops was restor'd at last,
That in the Pulpit he did grant
A Bishop was the Devil's Plant.
Giving to all his Hearers leave,
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave.
And since, as every body says,
He chang'd in less than Twenty Days :

It's very like, at others budding,
 He turn'd his Coat for Cake and Pudding.
 Some say, he is a sounding Brass,
 Which signifies a prating Ass;
 He brings no Reason which can bind,
 But only fights against the Wind.
 It's clear that it doth with him fare
 As with *Samson* without his Hair:
 Before his Change his Wit was tough,
 And he could reason well enough:
 But now he kytherh like a Fool,
 As one would whip a Boy at School,
 To vent in Print so little Reason,
 And call it an Advice in Season,
 Some say, that he treads Bishop's Path
 As *David* serv'd the King of *Gath*.
 Though Men to censure him be rash,
 He gives the Bishops such a Dash,
 They need not brag their Cause is won
 By the Foster of *Henderson*.
 Some say, he Bishops doth betray,
 That Presbitry may gain the Day,
 Who fed him for their Champion hidden,
 Others affirm, they are out-bidden;
 Which makes him take a contrair Task,
 As *Edward* answer'd once *Southesk*.
 A modest Man wrote in a Letter,
 He might have pleaded meikle better.
 The charitable do not fear,
 But for a Thousand Merks a Year
 He would the Bishops yet withstand,
 If Covenanters rul'd the Land.

Knight.

Then said the Knight, though in a Morter
I bray this Fool, to no Exhorter
Thou wilt give Ear: he'll put thee to it.

Squire.

To whom the Squire, what though he do
Both Reason there and Justice halts,
Where one's blam'd for another's Faults.
Was never Judge did things so foul,
Except himself, once at *Saint Rule* ;
He forg'd Records, and them enacted
To bear false Witness, when extracted.
I cannot tell, till I advise,
Whether he did it twice or thrice.
Next, I will tell that he gave Leave
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave,
But he can challenge no Reflection
Put on him at his own Direction :
He is oblig'd to keep his Word
As well as one who wears a Sword.
But if he chance to be so wroth,
As to break Word, as well as Oath,
I'll tell him, I take frantic Fits,
And am distracted of my Wits,
As he, and others said of late,
When they misguided Church and State.
And I them tax'd of forg'd Records,
As I can prove before the Lords :
If that succeed not, it effects
That I be judged by my Peers,
That is, by Fifteen Poetasters,
Half Fools, half Beggars, half Bursesquers :

All of them proved, Drinkers, Whorers,
 By Preachers, Forgers and Perjurers.
 E'er such a Jury can be gotten,
 It's certain I'll be dead and rotten;
 Or if Justice so shall halt,
 As to cause hang me for his Fault;
 Hanging to me will be less trouble,
 Than worrying on a windy Bubble
 At a Dike-side, or under a Stair,
 If Weather be not very fair.

Knight.

But then the Knight, we hear, he'll quarrel,
 That thou once served *Albemarle*,

Squire.

To which the Squire, I have no Fears,
 He dare not challeng't for his Ears:
 For I can make appear to all
 They toss'd me to him like a Ball.
 Next, ask that Duke, in any thing
 If ever I did prejudge the King.
 I forc'd was to Dissimulation,
 To shun a Rope, and serve my Nation:
 I did no Evil, but meikle Good,
 Saving Men's Money and their Blood;
 Which Services I did for nought,
 Which were from Men far richer bought.
 That Duke can tell, he did suspect it,
 Albeit to try, he did neglect it:
 When by their crafty Instigation;
 He urg'd was to my Accusation.
 They all tell now of *Albemarle*,
 But they told him another Quarrel,

In pleading I could touch a String,
 Whole Sound would make their Ears to ring
Knight.

The Knight said, tush, they'l no more stur
 Than Moon, when bark't at by a Cur.
 For all thy Prat, on no Condition
 I mind to alter the Petition.

Squire.

Then said the Squire, if ye'l not mend it,
 Advise at least, by whom to send it,
 Since we petition for Religion,
 Your Lady, or your Dog, or Pigeon
 Were fittest to be sent, if other,
 I'm sore afraid we lose a Brother:
 For I dare swear upon th' Evangel,
 When he hath got from each his Angel,
 To help his Charges to defray,
 The Fellow will us all betray.

Knight.

When Things succeed nor, Fools do flite,
 Giving betraying all the wite.
 Reply'd the Knight, they said of late
 They were betray'd, when they were beat;
 And they said true, who did not stand,
 Betrayed are by Heart and Hand.
 But to the Point, as for my Wife,
 I'll never send her in my Life;
 For fear some Courrier or other
 Would make me old King *Arthur's* Brother:
 My Dog is an unruly Cur,
 And at the Court will keep a Stur.
 Seeing Conformists up and down,

He barks so at a High-sleev'd Gown,
 That Bishops either will cause stone him,
 Or else yolk Butcher Dogs upon him.
 As for my Pigeon, it cannot be,
 She hath another Gate to flee :
 A Message she hath tane in Hand,
 To search for that most happy Land,
 Unknown to any heretofore,
 But only to Sir *Thomas More* :
 Where we intend to fix Plantation,
 If forc'd to change our Habitation.
 And since a Poet rightly hits,
 That greatest Fools have greatest Wits,
 To shun self-dealing, it is fit
 To chuse one not outgrown in Wit :
 So he can Buffonize, and Jest,
 At public Meeting, and at Feast,
 And catch a Time to tell the Truth,
 Like *David's* great Grand-mother *Ruth*.
 The Whiggs with an applauding Hollow
 Cry'd out, his Counsel they would follow :
 Which once concluded, all arose,
 And set on Pans to make their Brose.
 When after that some Fools were named
 To be employ'd, they all were blamed :
 And none thought fit, they still enquire,
 And find none fitter than the Squire :
 On him then they enforc'd the Message,
 When he went out on his Embassage,
 How at the Court he did arrive,
 How to affront him they did strive ;
 But how the Buffons all he outted ;

How *Hudibras* his Squire he routed,
 When they Two yoked by the Ears
 About the baiting of the Bears :
 And how he manag'd every Thing,
 And how he harrangu'd to the King :
 And how he cited Ends of Verses,
 And Sayings of Philosophers ;
 At which some laugh'd, and some were vex'd
 Ye'll be advertis'd by the next.

F I N I S.

MOCK POEM:
 O R,
WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART II.

WHEN Bushes budded, and Trees did chip
 And Lambs by Sun's Approach did skip
 When Mires grew hard, like tosted Bread,
 That Men might through the *Carses* ride :
 When Folks drew Blood of Arms and Legs,
 When Geese and Turkies hatched Eggs :
 When poor Folks Pots were fill'd with Nettles
 When Fish did domineer in Kettles ;
 When *Lent* did sore annoy the Glutton,
 When Sun left Fish to lodge with Mutton :

When

When Night and Day were of like Length,
 Of *March* the Eighth, or Twelfth, or Tenth :
 When several Criticks, great and small,
 By mending Lines, did mar them all.
 When Transcribers preposterous speed
 Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Threed
 On Arras Hangings back-side, when
 The lowr'd Mistakings of some Men
 Made several great Wits of the Land
 Blame what they did not understand ;
 And some to hunt a Flea contrive ;
 The Squire near *London* did arrive :
 To meet him old and young came forth,
 As *Rome* did once to see *Jugurth*.
 They knew each Passage of his Journal,
 Both by Report and by Diurnal :
 We dread, they will him sore abuse,
 But let us first invoke the Muse.

Thou Muse, who never dost abandon
 Those who have scarce a Leg to stand on
 When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
 Till in the end they taste a Fountain
 Which makes an Owl than them sing sweeter ;
 Make me once more a Fool in Meeter,
 That I may be of all admired,
 Confuting Presbytry, cashiered ;
 Which I of late so much adored,
 But now, when I get nothing for it,
 Make me, O Muse ! to change my Note,
 Declare against it, turn my Coat :
 Compeſce me, Muse, these stout Bravado's
 Of these stiff-necked Reformado's,

Who

Who still maintain, unto this Day,
 They have th'Office, though they want Pay
 In other's Harvett putting their Sickles;
 Troubling the Land with Conventicles;
 Whose stubborn Hearts cannot be turned
 By the Dialogues of *Gilbert Burnet*.

Prove, Muse, that Synod-Men, Church-Warden
 Are Bears, and Synods are Bear-Gardens :
 For both have Tongues, and Teeth, and Nails
 But, Muse, what wilt thou do for Tails ?
 But that's all one, the Matter's small,
 For true Bears have no Tails at all :

And so the Simile still jumps,
 In stead of Tails thou'lt find there Rumps.
 When thou shews how the Squire disputed,
 And *Ralph* the Sectary confuted,
 That he of Wits almost bereft him ;
 But to the Squire now where we left him.

He melted all in Tears for Pity,
 Seeing the Ruins of the City :
 But when he saw in other Places
 Houses arise with goodly Faces,
 And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
 And the Air's middle Region boaring ;
 So *Phœnix*, when it's burnt in Spices,
 Up starts another from its Ashes.
 Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
 By *French*, then World's Mistress turn'd,
 God may the same to *London* grant,
 If it renew the Covenant.

While this he spoke, his Horse he lights off,
 And with his Handkerchief he dights off

Tears

Tears from his Eyes, then on the Ground
 He grovelling lies meditating,
 His Horses grievous Succussion
 Had so excoriat his Foundation,
 That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
 The Earth he could not set his Bum on.
 Then after sad Ejaculations,
 He vents these following Meditations.

Wallace, quoth he, having adoe,
 Still eat the Quarter of a Cow,
 And to the Boot, e'er Cloaths were put on,
 He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton :
 For when he wanted Morning Fare,
 He was like *Sampson* without Hair.
 A Priest, whose Teeth did Head and Legs swell,
 Did still eat Powder'd Beef and Eggs twell
 Before he Preach'd, else he halt dumb sings,
 Like to a Fiddle wanting some Strings.
 Hence, by Experience I gather,
 He is a Liar, though my Father,
 Who thinks, a Man can do or speak well,
 Who doth neglect his Fast to break well.
 I am engag'd in a Transaction,
 Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action,
 That to my Tackling I may fast stick,
 Though I should loose my Ears like *Bastwick* :
 Though they should ty me Heel and Neck fast,
 It's requisite I take my Break-fast.

This said, his Budget he unlooseth,
 And all the Wealth within discloseth ;
 Which for Variery did scorn
 The wealthy *Ameltbea's Horn* ;

Or the rich Abbey of St. *Lawrence*;
 Or Cabine of the Duke of *Florence*,
 Just like the Pocks of *Graham* and *Guthry*,
 It was his Vestry and his Buttery :
 His Lardner and his Bibliothek,
 There lies of Oat Meal near a Peck,
 With Water's Help which Girdles hot bakes,
 And turns to Bannocks, and to Oat Cakes.
 There a Piece Beef, there a Piece Cheese lies,
 And there an old Night-Cap of Freez lies,
 His Head attire, when he the House keeps,
 On which now here and there a Louse creeps.
 Here lies a Pair of Shoes ne'er put on,
 And there lies a poor Man of Mutton.
 There lies half Dozen Ells of Pig-tail,
 There his Panash, a Capon's big-tail,
 With white in Middle, shining Star-like,
 And there be Onion-heads and Garlick,
 The Food of *Turkish* Janizaries,
 There Turpentine and Larie Berries :
 His Medicine for Passage sweer,
 That for the Van, these for the Rear ;
 And there a Piece of Powdered Fish lies ;
 And there some Butter in a Dish lies ;
 There Turnips Thirty Inch about lies,
 And there some Pepper in a Clout lies,
 There Fingram Stockins spun on Rocks lies
 And there his Sneezing Mill and Box lies :
 There lies his Elson and his Lingle,
 Which double-sol'd Shoes makes of single,
 With help of old Pieces of Leather ;
 There lies some Wool that he did gather.

Left by the Sheep, as certain Pledges,
 They were entangled in the Hedges :
 There Clouts and Papers little Mugs stops,
 As in Apothecaries Drug-shops,
 With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads ;
 And there lies Books, and here lies Ballads,
 As *Davie Lindsay*, and *Gray-Steel*,
Squire Meldrum, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*,
 There *Bruce* and *Wallace*, fierce-like *Mars*
 Knights:

There lies *Dialogues* which his Arse dights
 There *Last goodnight*, and *Chevie Chace*,
 With *Gendarms* in the Frontispiece,
 Which makes more weep, when they read on it,
 Than Curats Sermons, fy upon it!
 And there lies Bands, Shirts, and Cravats,
 There Two Three Skins of Lambs & Rabbits,
 For to commence a *London Trade*,
 And this was all the Wealth he had.
 But pardon me, I had forgot,
 There was some other thing I wot ;
 I think it Powder was, and Lead
 To shoot the Bishop through the Head.

He takes a Bible with Covering worn off,
 And Ending and Beginning torn off :
 He reads, and then he says the Grace,
 Then to his Viſuals falls apace.

When first Bit ſcarce down Throat was ſliding,
 Within a Day's March of the Midding,
 Then he a Multitude eſpies
 Approaching him with Shouts and Cries,
 He leaves his Viſuals, falls a gazing,

Just

Just like a Tupp when he's a grazing,
 When Folks comes by, he slights his Food
 Stares in their Face and chews his Cude.
 He thought these Fools came out to meet him,
 That first they might salute and greet him,
 That afterwards they might him bring
 With greater Pomp unto the King.
 Such Honour at their Entry-hours
 Are due unto Ambassadors,
 Both Dust and Sweat from Face he rubs off,
 A Looking-Glass he makes the Dubs of :
 He trims his Beard, and then his Head too,
 Rights Basket-Hilt on Shoulder-blade too :
 His Hands he washes, pairs his Nails,
 Takes his Panash of Capons Tails,
 Which he pins on before his Hat ;
 He put about a clean Cravat,
 And upon his Hands he stretches
 Two yellow Gloves, with green Silk Stetches ;
 Leaps to his Horse, and on he went,
 To take and give the Complement :
 While Hips excoriat, made him swaddle,
 Through all the Corners of the Saddle :

When he the Multitude approaches,
 His Eyes he fixt first on the Coaches
 Ranged like Wild-geese in a Line ;
 Then cry'd he out, no Friend of mine
 If I can hinder, those shall enter.
 'Tis wonder People so should venture,
 To break their Arms, and Legs and Heads,
 And to disjoint their Shoulder-blades :

adies to have their naked Breeches
both view'd and lanced by the Leeches ;
Which made some Husbands forth a Tuck hold
wearing the Rogue would make them Cuckold ;
those made a Lady of our Land
Upon her Neck and Shoulders stand ;
With a Third of Half-dozen Thighs,
naked erected to the Skies ;
and ere that Posture she was got off,
many did see the Thing ye wot of ;
Which when they told her, readily
she answered, she wondred why
They did not kiss't, and take their leave on't
It was the last Sight they should have on't :
she vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
With her Grand-dame to walk a-foot.
When Coach-men drinks, and Horses stumble,
It's hard to miss a Barla-fumble.
Then did he seriously begin
Well to consider those within ;
He soon perceived by their Postures
They were no Nuns brought up in Cloysters
To show their Legs, some truss their Laps,
Some throw off Scarffs to show their Paps ;
Some Masked were, the Sun to keep out,
Which lifting, now and then, they peep out.
Widows from Vails set out their Noses,
As Snails do from their shelly Houses ;
As they would say unto the Gallants,
Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents :
Come nearer, that we may espy you,
If ye be ought worth, we will buy you :

F

Where

Where, Ten to One, some get a Fortune,
As one did with my Lady *Nortoun*,

Among the rest he did espy ones,
Whom he conceived to be Hee-ones:
Thote he believed were his Mates,
Ambassadors of Kings and States,
To do him Honour at his Entry,
With the Nobility and Gentry:
He cry'd to them to keep the Peace,
And not to wrangle for the Place;
For all of them remembered well
Of that Bowrad of *Bateveile*,
Which cost the Lives of brave Commanders,
And well nigh lost his Master *Flanders*,
He bids them all take Place by Lots,
No King had Place, but he of *Scots*,
Whose Royal Ancestors, it's clear
Has kept one Race Two Thousand Year:
Whose Successors as yet escap'd
The Tricks of *Pipin*, and *Hugh Capet*.
Others are not of that Condition,
They'r Kings but of a late Edition:
Though some be small, and others greater,
Yet who go first, or last, no Matter;
For all their Gold, Spices, and Wines,
They come from interrupted Lines.

Being inform'd of his Mistake,
It was to Ladies that he spake.
What Devil they are? reply'd the Squire,
They'r Men in Garb, and in Attire,
They've Vests, they've Swords, they've Periwigs
They tread the Measure of the Giggs,

st like the Men their Buttocks vaper;
 they cast their Gammonds up, and Caper;
 they cajole Ladies at the Ball too,
 and standing piss against the Walls too:
 They're spurr'd and booted when they ride too,
 and gallop, when they hunt, astride too,
 With Swords and Pistols they fight hard too,
 some have Appearance of a Beard too:
 And, which of all's the greatest Wonder,
 They ly above, their Gallants under.

Me's Dames. quoth he, that we may ken
 Whether ye Women be, or Men,
 It's fit ye open keep before

About a Trencher breadth, or more.
 Ye're Monsters, if that do not Measure
 The Circuits of your Holes of Pleasure.

While he was giving this Advice,
 They all surround him in a Trice,
 All wondring at his Equipage:
 Some ask'd his Horses Price, and Age:
 If there came Sympatherick Speed
 From Rider's Heel, or Heel of Steed;
 If there came an inchanting Force
 To Master's Purse, from Skin of Horse;
 Some, why no Spurs, his Sides to claw,
 And for Boots, several Ropes of Straw:
 Why Sodds for Saddle, and Branks for Bridle,
 And Plaids for Scarff about his Middle.
 Some asked his Panashes Price,
 If't was a Bird of Paradise.
 Some ask'd if Basket-Hilt and Dudgeon
 Had ever set a work Chirurgion,

Some jeer'd the long Crown of his Hat,
 Some at his Gloves, some his Cravat,
 Asking more Questions at once
 Than would have puzzled *John of Dunce*,
 Or *Bonaventure*, or *Soncinas*,
 Or *Biel Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan Bassa* charg'd a Hill,
 To try his Military Skill ;
 Though many a grievous Wound it got
 By Canon, and by Musquet Shot ;
 The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
 Although he charg'd it thrice on End,
 But still abode him Face to Face,
 Chusing to die upon the Place,
 Rather than turn its Back and yield ;
 Just so the Squire did keep the Field ;
 And bravely did receive their Tongue-shot,
 Just as the Hill did *Sinan's* Gun-shot :
 He stood as senseless as a Stock is,
 Or among raging Waves, a Rock is,
 When furiously they knock its Crown,
 To make it break, or make it drown.
 At last, he said, with sober Grace,
 When ye grow hoarse ye'll hold your Peace.
 Then fair and softly on he tripped,
 For, like a *Spaniard* when he's whipped,
 He thought it was a great Disgrace
 For to accelerate his Pace.

When they him saw so little troubled,
 Then they their Questions redoubled ;
 Some ask'd his Errand, and his Name,
 And from what Potentate he came,

From

From *Turk*, or *Sophee*, or *Mogul*,
 Who wear much Linnen on their Skull,
 Or from either *Tartarian Cham*,
 Who of their Horse-Hips make a Ham,
 Or from *Pegu*, or from *Chine*,
 Or from the Emperor *Abyssine*,
 Or from the *Muscovite* or *Poll*,
 Or *Dane*, whose chiefest wealth is Toll,
 Or from the *Emperor*, or the *Swede*,
 Or *Hogen Mogen* Brother-hood ;
 From the *Savoyard*, or the *Swisse*,
 VVho Apples seeths with roasted Geese :
 From *Florentine*, or *Portuguese*,
 Or from *Morocco*, or from *Fess*,
 Or if he came from *Spain* or *France*,
 Or from some *Indian VVeerowance*,
 To barter Gold and Beaver Skins
 For Glasses, Beads, and Knives and Pins ;
 Or from the *Presbyterian Scots*,
 VVho never yet had turn'd their Coats,
 Did he a Supplication bring
 To put ill Counsel from the King ;
 And that his Majesty would grant
 Renewing of the Covenant :
 And had Commission for to tell him,
 If he refus'd, they would compel him.
 VVhen thus they pressed him so fast,
 Patience turn'd Fury at the last :
 These last VVords did him so inrage
 He sac'd about and gave a Charge ;
 Then with his Tongue out, thus he stutters,
 VVith Face awry, like old Cheese Cutters.

You cursed Antichristian Rable,
 Ye Mungrels of the Whore of *Babel*.
 Ye Sectaries, and Covenant-breakers,
 Half Cuckold, and half Cuckold-makers,
 For all your flouting, and your ranting,
 When we went first a-Covenanting,
 Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
 Invited us, like *Juda's* Tribe,
 To purge your Ten Tribes of *Israel*
 From *Jeroboam's* Calf, and *Baal* :
 Your Money mov'd our Conscience
 To arm our selves in your Defence.
 When your Intentions you had got,
 And by our Means, had under Foot
 Trod all your Foes, and them defeated,
 At last, we found we were but cheated.
 Your Quarrel was, pretended Bondage,
 By reason of Tunage and of Poundage,
 To get Militia by Law,
 To keep his Majesty in aw :
 To free your selves when Money waxes
 From Inquisitions and Taxes :
 Your only end was Self-enriching,
 Your sole Religion was your Kitching.
 You valued Puddings sod in Pocks
 More than Religion Orthodox :
 Whereas we witness God and Angels,
 Prophets, Apostles, and Evangels,
 For Trash, or any earthly Thing,
 We never did oppose the King :
 Yea, all of us, both great and small
 Will quit him Lives, and Lands, and all

So he give way to purge the Temple,
 As pleaseth Mr. *Gabriel Semple*.
 He spoke so thick, he paus'd a little,
 And having cleans'd his Beard from Spittle,
 Like *Tindale* at the Stake, he cries
 Lord, open the King of *England's* Eyes,
 And then his Majesty will grant
 Renewing of the Covenant.

Thus did he perorat his fliting,
 As at *Tarantums* Spiders biting,
 They were affected thereanent,
 According to their Temperament.
 Sanguinians did only laff,
 Cholerick Melancholians chaff.
 Some bad hang him, some bad stone him,
 And some did Mastives hunt upon him.
 Some *Daple* under Tail did prick,
 And made him bounce, and leap, and kick ;
 Some aim'd to tare his Straw Gramashes,
 Some cries, have at Beard and Mustaches .
 Some grasped him about the Middle,
 Till Bum did found like Gambo Fiddle:
 Some would have Breeches down to whip him,
 Some with their Nails would tear and nip him ;
 Some with Briars and Thorns would scratch him:
 One fearing that they would dispatch him,
 Who was a Man more moderate,
 He made a Court'sie with his Hat,
 And begged leave to plead his Cause
 According to the Nation's Laws.

Contending with a foolish Tongue,
 Quoth he, is but a VVar with Dung :

Though in the Strife ye prove victorious,
 Dirt makes your Finger-ends inglorious,
 As lately happen'd unto one,
 VWho needs would Quarrel *Sanderfon*,
 And prove he was a lying Knave,
 Of which, what Credit could he have ;
 VWhen he had done, he prov'd no more,
 Than all the VWorld knew before.
 To take such Pains, imports as much
 As any doubted he were such.
 Refuting such as he with VWords,
 Is like Canary washing Turds :
 The VVine in Taste and Hue grows meaner,
 But Turds grow ne're a whit the cleaner.

This Simile, though somewhat rude,
 Yet so appeas'd the Multitude,
 That by degrees their Clamour fell,
 Like sound of Lute-string, or of Bell,
 VWhen Thumb or Hammer of a Clock
 Gives the Epilogizing Stroak.
 And in the End these furious Cryers
 Stood silent like observant Friars,
 Or like to Dumbies making Signs,
 Or like to Fiddles wanting Strings,
 Or like to Salmons, or to Codds,
 Or *Turks*, when they took in the *Rhodes*.
 Then Piece and Piece they dropt away,
 As ripe Plumbs in a rainy Day ;
 Till in the End, they all were gone,
 And left him standing all alone.

Like as, we do observe and see
 In those who are condemn'd to die ;

That they are fore annoy'd and troubled,
 At first, when they cast off their Doublet,
 Truss up their Hair, their Eyes blind-fold,
 That they may not grim Death behold :
 Thinking their Neck the Stroak is hard on,
 If any tell them of a Pardon,
 Although their Heart be lighted somewhat,
 Yet Fear and Hope fight still a Combat,
 Till that they hear the Air to ring
 With Clamours of, *God save the King* :
 Then Hope triumphs, and Fear doth vanish,
 Like Grief, when it's expell'd by *Spanish*.
 Just so the Squire, when all at once
 They him oppress with Fists and Stones,
 A gelid Fear his Heart possessed,
 His final Hour approach't he guessed :
 Trembling he stood, in a Quandarie,
 And purg'd, as he had eaten Larie :
 As was confirmed by the Speeches
 Of those who after washt his Breeches.
 When he perceived the Retreat,
 That Flight, quoth he, is but a Cheat,
 Like that of *Greeks*, for to destroy
 An ancient City, called *Troy*,
 By Help of that Tree Horie of *Pallas* :
 It is some Stratagem of *Wallace*,
 Who in a Pig-man's Weed, at *Bigger*,
 Espied all the *English* Leagure.
 But when he found by certain Trial,
 The Retreat was not forg'd, but real,
 Then did he Resolution show,
 And like a Cock began to crow.

One Man, quoth he, oft-times hath stood;
 And put to flight a Multitude,
 Like *Samson*, *Wallace*, and Sir *Bewis*,
 And *Finmacoul* beside the *Lews*,
 Who in a Bucking Time of Year
 Did rout and chace a Herd of Deer,
 Till he behind, and they before,
 Did run a Hundred Miles and more,
 Which questionless prejudg'd his Toes,
 For Red-shanks then did wear no Shoes;
 For to this Day they wear but Calf ones,
 Or, if of older Leather, half ones.
 He chaced them so furiously,
 That they were forc'd to take the Sea,
 And swam from *Cowel* into *Arran*,
 In which Soil, though it be but barren,
 As learned Antiquaries say,
 Their Off-spring lives unto this Day.
 But pardon me for such Digressions,
 For, were it not for such Expressions
 Which from the Muses we extort,
 Our Poems would be very short.

Then did the Squire obtest, and pray,
 And them conjur'd that they would stay,
 For he had quarrel against none
 But *Ralph* the Squire, and *Sanderson*,
 Which Two, as every Body knows,
 Are Presbyterian's mortal Foes:
 Th' one calls them Bears by Allegory,
 That other Fellow wrote a Story,
 In which he doth them scandalize so,
 That all the Devils blush, he lies so;

Thinking

Thinking it would be liked well,
 He sent a Copy in to Hell,
 To be perus'd in a Commiree,
 Then said a Devil which was Wittie,
 It serves for nothing, tell the Fool,
 But to be Napkins at the Stool,
 When Men exonerat their Tripes,
 Or lighting of Tobacco Pipes,
 For Hell's Affairs are ne'er archiev'd
 By railing Fools, of none believ'd :
 Hell's fittest Agents, as all grants,
 Are those who are reputed Saints.
 And thus he made an End of Praying.

Then all began to think of staying,
 And one another did exhort
 For to return and see the Sport ;
 But *Sanderson* appeared not,
 Stout *Ralph* amated not a jot,
 Bravely and resolutely did fall up,
 First at the Trot, then at the Gallop ;
 Just as the *Huggonots*, victorious
 At *Courtrus*, charg'd the Duke of *Joyeus*,
 And was upon him e'er he wist,
 Menaceing him with Tongue and Fist,
 With all the Rabble in his Rear,
 Who followed him to see and hear.

The Squire, who only spoke in Jest,
 Seeing what he expected least ;
 He thought they verily were gone,
 And that the Storm was over blown,
 Surprized with the sudden Danger
 Of *Ralph*, in such a furious Anger,

Whom

Whom he thought did already spurn him;
 He knew not to what Hand to turn him ;
 At last, his Tongue and Teeth commences
 To vent Adages and Sentences.

It is a Saying wise and old,
 Quoth he, to make a Bridge of Gold
 To flying Enemies, it's best
 To let a sleeping Mastive rest,
 Lest he, awaken'd with our Knockings,
 Tare all our Breeches and our Stockings,
 And to the boot, our Skin-bones hole up,
 And from our Buttocks take a Collop:
 And with his furious Teeth our Throats cut,
 Down which we watered Meal of Oats put ;
 Which we prefer, with *Loch-Broom* Herring,
 To all the King of *Babel's* Faring.

A foolish Tongue, without Remead,
 Brings Mischief on the Owner's Head ;
 It is a pestilentious Clout,
 Causing Contagion all about ;
 It raiseth Jealousies and Fears,
 Yokes Kings and Subjects by the Ears,
 What was it else, but Tittle-tattle,
 That brought our Brethren out to Battle ?
 What stops them more from turning Loyal,
 Than Tongues of some, esteemed Royal ?
 With which they persecute those poor Souls,
 As setting Dogs do Pouts and Muirfowls ;
 At last, within their Nets ensnared,
 And from all Hope of Pardon barred,
 They force those poor Men under Hand,
 Still to rebel, to get their Land.

My Tongue will bring me to that Pass,
 Quoth he, to which was *Hudibras*,
 Who, when with Honour he had got off,
 In the Adventure that ye wot of,
 He not content, but seeking more,
 Los'd all that he had gain'd before :
 And was brought to a Prison Tragick,
 In Wooden Cattle, made by Magick ;
 Where he too late laments his Mishapes,
 As Ladies, when they do not Misclaps
 From Gallants, of their own procuring,
 From Husbands, when they go a-whoring:
 Having dispatch'd this *Phrygian* Wisdom,
 Like Malefactor getting his Doom,
 He strained what he could, to shew
A tres bon mein en mau vais Feu.
 He out with Basket-hilt and Dudgeon,
 While from his Eyes came a Deludge on,
 As from the Eyes of Children whipped,
 Or sore Horse-Eyes, with Vitriol nipped,)
 Stands at his Posture, Fencer-like,
 And was within an Ace to strike ;
 Yet on the sudden, doth advise,
 To take a Course by far more wise.
 Wise Men, quoth he, as all Men knows,
 Try all things first, e'er they try Blows.
 When *Rome* to conquer, all was hasting,
 Peace was the first, War was the last thing.
 They did practise to subdue Nations,
 Who loved not such Innovations.
 If I the Truth of Story miss not,
 This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute.

And

And if my Reasons do no good,
 I'll dye their Preeches with their Blood :
 But this within himself he mutters,
 And then these Words to *Ralph* he utters.

What means this furious Hurly-burly ?
 Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell thee surely,
 I am no private Man ; believe,
 I am a Representative :

To force me to Degladiations,
 Is contrair to the Law of Nations :
 Though thou me should bang Back and Side,
 I could it (Honour safe) abide.

Brave *Mansfield*, challeng'd by *Baumaris*,
 Refused once to fight at *Paris* ;
 Because he did negotiat

With publick Trust Affairs of State.

The *Spanish* Agent *Don Henriques*,
 Put up a great Affront of *Criques*,
 Who once at *Rome*, his Pride to danton,
 His Nose saluted with a Panton.

Dost thou esteem me such a Coward,
 To be afraid of one as thou art ?

Thy Threatnings are like Childrens Squibs,
 Though they singe Cloaths, they break no Ribs.

Were it not that my Sword is rusted,
 Were it not that I am intrusted,
 With things of such a high Concernment,

As Presbyterian Church-Government ;
 For all thy Frownings and thy Cloudings,
 I would send Sun-shine through thy Puddings.

I do thee as a Friend advise,
 'Tis better soon than late be wise)

That

That thou would let alone this Sword-fight,
 And grapple with me in a Word-fight ;
 Let's try who others best can confute,
 This is the Cardo of the Dispute,
 If Synod-members, and Church-wardens
 Be Bears, and Synods be Bear-Gardens.
 Thou dost affirm, I do deny,
 Prov't if thou can, I thee defy.

One might have known by *Ralpho's* Face,
 He lov'd not War so well as Peace ;
 He only counterfeited Courage,
 His Wrath, Teeth forward, was not true Rage:
 Yet he his Passion so dissembled,
 That Squire at first both shak'd and trembled ;
 But when he heard the Squire speak big Words,
 That in his Belly he would dig Swords,
 He looked then as if his Nose bled,
 And such a Flea within his Hose had,
 That in his Mind was great Confusion,
 Till he considered the Conclusion ;
 Where Peace was offered, and the War gone,
 He gave God Tanks, like Praise God *Bairbon*,
 A good Heart to himself he took then,
 And these same very Words he spoke then,
 Which once the great Turk *Solymanus*
 Spoke to *Vilerius Liladamus* ;
 Having him under, at such odds,
 That he was forc'd to quite the *Rhodes*.
 I'm glad to hear that now thy Mind
 Is More to Peace than War inclin'd ,
 Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
 What doth it else but Sturt and Deol bring.

It's

It's better Tongues decide the Matter;
 Than other's Noddles pelt and batter.
 Now other's Beck, now other's Dock hit,
 As feathred Fencers do in Cock-pit;
 Who fights but in their own Defences,
 Let them be Kings, let them be Princes,
 By Law and Reason I them can bind,
 That they are Enemies to Mankind;
 As witnesseth Sir *Thomas Kellie*,
 And *Grotius de Jure Belli*.
 What are such Warriours but Oppressors,
 And many times we see Aggressors,
 Who trouble other Men's Reposes,
 Gain nothing else but bloody Noses:
 Who Quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations,
 Get Halberts thrust through their Foundations,
 As we may read in many a Book
 Of *Charles* that *Burgundian Duke*.
 Poor High-way-men, with tattered Hose, are
 Not Robbers half so great, as those are,
 Who Diadems wear on their Head,
 And make so many living dead;
 And so much Christian Blood mispends,
 Either for *French* or *Spanish* Ends:
 These first, poor Rogues, will pick a Pocket,
 And break a Door up when it's locker;
 And on the High-way will a Purse take,
 When Cold and Hunger makes their Guts ache.
 Those latter, with their Armies Legions,
 Robes Kingdoms, Castles, Towns and Regions:
 As said Two Ten Tuns Ship's Commander
 To *Macedonian Alexander*.

But

But now, let us come to the Question,
 The which was raised the Contest on,
 Since thou so hard dost put me to it,
 I'll let thee see that I can do it :
 And have both Will and Wit to reckon,
 And beat thee at thy own Tongue-weapon.
 Better perhaps, than thou believes,
 I'll prove these Two Affirmatives :
 That Synod-members, and Church-Wardens
 Are Bears, and Synods are Bear-gardens.
 Thus said, his Fingers he dispatches
 Unto his Head, and winking scratches,
 First from the Van, unto the Reer,
 And then athwart, from Ear to Ear ;
 While like sagacious Hound, he traces,
 And windeth all the Topick Places :
 Till in the End prepared, *Satis*,
 He disputes thus a *Comparatis*.

And first, quoth he, it's clear to all,
 They have the same Original :
 For Twenty Shillings to a Bodle,
 Both are the Birth of human Nodde :
 Both are in that degree of kin,
 As other Brethren uterine.
 It's certain there is never a Word
 Of either, in Scripture, on Record :
 And without Question and all doubt,
 Thus Bear-bating may be made out
 By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
 That Chain of Presbyterian Classis.
 This for their Birth, now for their Nature,
 If with deliberation mature

The Case we ponder, Beasts of Prey
 And Rapine, as are Bears are they
 Who do establish Gospel Order
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder.
 What are their Orders, Constitutions :
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions ?
 But several mystick Chains they make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake :
 And then set heathen Officers,
 Instead of Dogs about their Ears,

What else are Synods, but Bear-Gardens,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
 And other Members of the Court
 Manage the *Babylonish* Sport :
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a meer Word :
 Both are but several Synagogues
 Of carnal Men, and Bears, and Dogs :
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To Mischief bent, as far's in them lies :
 Both strive and rail with fierce Contests,
 The one with Men, the other Beasts :
 The Difference is, the one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth :
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th' other Souls and Conciences.

This to the Prophet did appear
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 Of Church-rule, in this latter Age ;
 Where every Hamlet is governed,
 By's Holiness, the Church's Head .

More haughty, and severe in's Place,
 Than *Hildebrand*, or *Boniface*.
 Such Church, must surely be a Monster
 With many Heads, for if we conſider
 What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
 According to th' Apostles Mind ;
 Tis, that the Whore of *Babylon*,
 With many Heads, did ride upon.

The Pastors who do rule this Kirk,
 What are they, but the Handy-work
 Of Men's Mechanick Paws, intilling
 Divinity in them, by feeling.
 From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
 As Folks, by touching, get the Meazles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other End, the new made Pope.
 Bell and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than them, by far:
 For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat ;
 But these will not be fob'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else they'll make their Party good,
 By making Nations swim in Blood.
 And thus I reasoned the Case,
 Once with my Master *Hudibras*.

All that I said was too prolix
 Here to repeat, I only fix
 Upon the Morrow, with a few Words,

What thou hast said's not worth Two Cow
 Reply'd the Squire, and then he smires (Turds
 Fore-head with Fist, to rouse his Wits ;

Which straight did take th'alarm so hot,
That down to Tongue and Teeth they got :
From whence, thus worded out, they flie,
Like Bullets from Artillerie.

Ye Sectaries, quoth he, have Bee-heads,
Thy Prats, a *Cerberus* with Three Heads :
Neither of which barks any Bon-sence,
But Railing, Blasphemy and Non-sence :
Thou'rt ignorant in Logick's Art,
As I will show thee ere we part.

But to the Point, now I will close,
And reason *διαλεκτικῶς*.

And first, I say, for my defence,
Thy Argument wants Consequence :
Though Things agree to both together,
It follows not the one's the other..

Affirmatives, in Second Figure,
Nothing conclude in Logick's Ligure,
Which any constant Man believes,
So we may prove *Financier's* Thieves.

Camelion's Beef and Cabbage-eaters,
And Lawyers, and Physicians, Cheaters.
That Horse are Men, and Owls are Ounces,
That Privy-Counsellors are Dunces :
That Chamber-Pots are Looking-Glasses,
And Senators of Justice Asses :

That Colledges, and Muscs Caverns
Are Bawdy-houses turn'd, and Taverns :
That Stews are places of Contrition,
And Pulpits, Trumpets of Sedition :
And *Merlines* Prophecies Evangelis,
And *Dées* Spirits holy Angels :

That all new Scurvies are the Pox,
 That Quakers Books are Orthodox :
 That roasted Wild-cat is fed Lam,
 That *Gresham* College is a *Bedlam* :
 Most of our first Reformers bad-men,
 And all the House of Commons Mad-men :
 That Tallow-Cakes are Ambergreese,
 That Sun and Moon are *Cheshire* Cheese,
 And Whiggs, as loyal in Opinions,
 As any of the King's Dominions.

This for thy Form, now for thy Matter,
 Thou rails on some, others to flatter :
 Thy *Medium's* seeming true, yet false are,
 As Turnips growing in the Paltzar ;
 Or any other fertile Ground,
 Hollow with VVorms, though Skin be found :
 Like Apples in the Lake of *Sodom*,
 Like beauties Clapped in the Bodom :
 Like four Drink in silver Tankers :
 Like golden Petticoats on Shankers :
 Like bald Heads with Periwiggs :
 Like sweet Powder on frised Giggs,
 VVith aged Ladies now in fashion,
 VVhen they would play beside the Cushion.

But who reason in Generals,
 Th' Argument contentions and brauls,
 They bring but bout-gates, and golinzies
 Like *Dempster* disputing with *Meinzies*.
 Men hardly can scratch others Faces,
 VVhen they are distant Twenty Paces :
 I'll neerer come thy thrusts to Paree,
 VVhereas thou dost Argumentaree,

That Bear-baiting may be made out,
 Without all Question and Doubt,
 By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
 Lay-elder-Presbyterian Classis.
 Though few be clear, how doth the Thing go?
 I answer unto thee *distinguo* :
 For if thou mean by Text express,
 Thou speak'st the Truth, as all confess.
 This is our Orthodox Defence,
 Presbyteries prov'd by Consequence.
 It is no Popish Superstition,
 By consequential Tradition
 To prove an Article of Faith,
 As learned *Polyander* saith.
 What have our Doctors else to say
 For Pædobaptism, or that Day
 Which chang'd was, when the Church spoke
 From last to first Day of the Week. (Greek
 If thou were put to this Distress,
 To prove Bishops by Word express.
 Then Oyster-wives might lock their Fish up,
 Come to the Streets, and cry, *No Bishop*.
 Whereas thou dost affirm and say,
 Presbytry-men are Beasts of Prey,
 Who do establish Gospel-order
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder :
 Thy Reason here both but and ben halts,
 It's not the Causes, but the Men's Faults.
 Unto that Sore, I gave this Plaister,
 When I did dispute with my Master :
 To blame a Cause, for Person's Vices
 Is one of Satan's main Devices,

[Wherewith

Wherewith he very oft doth make
Well-meaning Men the Truth forsake.
It's not superfluous and vain
To tell a good Tale ov'r again.

None can deny but these Things fell out,
TBut the true Cause thou dost not smellut.

Thy Fallacy consists in this,
Chou mak'st a Cause, where no Cause is.

Children are taught in the Schools,
Who reason so, they are but Fools.
Was never yet a Reformation
Of Church, in any Age or Nation,
But still the Devil, to make it vain,
The outmost of his Wits doth strain :
He beats all Hell up with a Taber,
To make Reformers lose their Labour.

When first he sees he doth no good
By Persecution and Blood,
By seeming Sheep, and yet but Goats,
By Weeds appearing Wheat and Oats,
By seeming Diamonds, yet but Glasse,
By seeming Gold and yet but Brass,
By Serpents in appearance Fish,
By Silver Botles fill'd with Pish,
By Saints without, and Fiends within,
He strives the Cause to undermine :

As is recorded in the Pages
Of Stories written in all Ages.

When Christ appeared, came a *Theudas*,
And with Saint *Peter*, came a *Judas* ;
With *Luther*, *Rotmans* Knipperdolings,
Who troubled *Munster* with their Foolings.

David Georges, Johns of Leyden,
 As is at large describ'd by *Sleyden*.
 When *Calvin* came, then came *Socinians* :
 When *Perbins* came, then came *Arminians* :
 With *Henderfons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
 Came some, who whisked Ladies Tails.
 Who for such rake us, are to blame, as
 One would revile *St. Paul* for *Demas*.
 And others also came, to wit,
 These Locusts of th' Infernal Pit :
 Who seem'd at first all Covenant-takers,
 But straight turned Anabaptists, Quakers,
 Artemonits, Photinions,
 Servetians, Socinians,
 Manitheans, Novarions,
 Sceptricks, and Corpocrocians,
 Prochanits, Sabellians,
 Setheans, Circumcellians ;
 Herodians, Herminians,
 Somonians, Armenians,
 Docitheans, Menandrians,
 Eunomeans, Cassandrians,
 Eutichians, Nestorians,
 And Doctor *Henry Morians* ;
 Noetians, and Martionitæ,
 Gnosticks, and Anthropomorphitæ,
 Gotheans, and Calphurnitans,
 And Mr. *Gilbert Burnetans* ;
 Meletians, and Arrians,
 And Antifabatarians ;
 Helyidians, Caiuians,
 Coluthians, Agrippnians ;

Some

Some Chiliaſts, and Lampetians,
 Some prove Melchizedecians,
 Cleobians, Florinians,
 And ſome prove Maximinians :
 Abelianſ, Thebuſians,
 Ophitæ, and Pepuſians,
 Rhetorians, Quintilianiſts,
 Circoteriſts, Priſtilianiſts,
 Eucratits, Hermogenians,
 Marians, and Origenians,
 Corinthians, and Alogians :
 Some half ſome whole Peligians,
 Some Antitaſtæ, ſome Montences ;
 Aſcitæ ſome, ſome Royatenſes,
 Some Donatiſts, Voleſians,
 Some Archonticks, ſome Ærians.
 And ſome turn Theodorians ;
 Taſcodrongits, Nepotians,
 And ſome Diſciples turn'd of *Brown*,
 Who firſt infected every Town ;
 Dorithians, and Fratricels,
 Some Neiloriſts, with Hood and Bells ;
 Some *Transilvanian Tritheita*,
 Who once made drunk with Aquavita :
 With Fiſts *Alſtedius* did belabour,
 And tore the Beard of *Bethlehem Gabor* :
 Some *Adamits*, who as the Speech is,
 Caſt off their Petticoats and Breeches :
 Some other Hereticks more groſs,
 Deſcrib'd by *Alexander Roſs* ;
 For which, at preſent I want Time,
 And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That

That thy Bear-Simile may jump,
 Those were our Tails, that was our Rump;
 Which from our Buttocks being broke off;
 Did all these horrid Things ye spoke of.
 But if thou still insist to rail,
 Saying, we did them with our Tail :
 That Cavel's very quickly put off,
 'Twas with our Tails, when they were cut off;
 If with my cut-off Arms and Legs
 Thou Bishops Noddles crush like Eggs ;
 Not I, late Owner of the same,
 But thou who strikes, must bear the Blame,
 It's true indeed, at the Beginning
 We smelled those Things were aspinning ;
 But who leads Ladies through the Streets,
 Expecting Favour within Sheets,
 Coming to Places, fy upon't,
 Where nonebut one can pass in Front,
 So Barricado'd is the Way,
 With emptied Privies, Mire and Clay :
 If they find no clean Place to stand on,
 Yet ere their Mistriſs they abandon,
 Through Dung they march, like a bold Fellow
 Till Shoes and Stockings grow Gold yellow,
 This is our Case, if I have skill,
 Make the *Apodosis* who will,
 The Sum is in our Ends, we mean well,
 Though Means we us'd, cannot sustain well.

Whereas thou sayest, our Constitutions,
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 Are several mystick Chains we make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake,

And

And then set Heathen Officers
 Instead of Dogs about their Ears.
 At all thou dost not prove the Question,
 The which was raised the Contest on.
 Madnets within thy Brains hath far got,
 Proving them Bears, thou proves they are not.
 Whoever yet did see or hear,
 That Bears yoa'k't Dogs upon a Bear ?
 As said thy Master, that brave Man too,
 Who reason'd better than I can do,
 If Synod-Members, and Church-Wardens
 Be no Bears, Synods no Bear-gardens
 Are, as to these is evident, *Satis*,
 Who reason can a *Conjugatis*.
 Thus worse than any Man believes,
 Thou proves these Two Affirmatives :
 And after thou hast crackt so crouse,
 Thy Mountains do bring forth a Mouse.
 Whereas thou Presbytry dost Consider
 To be the *Apocalyptick* Monster :
 Likewise to be this very Bear
 Which to the Prophet did appear ;
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 Of Church Rule in this latter Age.
 Thou dost interpret Scriptures odly,
 That thou may'st rail upon the Godly :
 A Scripturist thou proves as he was,
 In whose fool Bonnet-case a Bee was,
 Who needs would have Presbytry the Cabal
 Decipher'd of the Where of *Babel*,
 The Antichrist which Saints Blood spilled,
 And *Enoch* and *Elias* killed.

He was so mad, he thought no Shame
 Those very mured Saints to name,
 It's sure he either was distracted,
 Or on a Stage the Fool he acted.
 I'm confident, and do believe,
 If these Two brave Men were alive,
 They would get *Bedlam* for their Pains,
 Who hatch such Glosses in their Brains.
 It's lamentable, many deem
 None love the King, but who blaspheme,
 And still make holy Writ the Scale, on
 Which they take Measures for to rail on.
 Presbitrie for the King more stout, as
 Those whom the very Children flout, as
 Champions, who though tongue-valiant
 Yet meeting with a fierce Assailant,
 Though with their Tongue they take his Part,
 Their Actions are not worth a Fart.
 They may well drink his Health in Taverns,
 And speak big Words in Holes and Caverns,
 Devising Stories, Lies, and Fables;
 Call his most Loyal Subjects Rebels;
 But when they come to blows and knocks,
 They face about and turn their Docks,
 Runs to their Pottle, which they mind most,
 Crying, the Devil take the hind-most

VWhere thou say'st, Preachers of our Kirk,
 And Pastors, are the Handie-work
 Of Men's mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling :

From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
 As Men by touch get Irch and Meazels.
 I see not clearly what thou means here,
 I think thou blasphemy sustains here :
 This with our Church Monomachie
 Ends with a Gigantomachie.
 First, having fallen on her out-works,
 Or hedge, thy Fancy round about VVor ks
 Till in the End thou find occasion,
 Thinking she can make no Evasion :
 Then thou with this blasphemous Dart
 Thinks for to shoot her through the Heart :
 Like Malefactor ty'd to Post,
 By railing on the Holy Ghost.
 The Author of Manual Imposition,
 By Text express, and by Tradion.
 Thy own and others Souls deluding,
 By such prophane similituding.
 No *Porphyre*, *Julian*, or *Celsus*,
 (As all the ancient Stories tells us)
 The Christian Faith blasphem'd, as thou doth,
 And others like thee, not a few doth :
 VVho bred, out of the pecant Humors
 Of this our Church, like VVens and Tumors ;
 Like Maggots bred within a Sore,
 VVould that which gave them Life devour.
 Thou'lt say, these last Four Lines were stolen,
 I answer with that Red-shank fullen ;
 Once challenged, for stealing Beef,
 I stole thee from another Thief.
 Now since thy Sophistrie's confuted,
 I End, to have my Lungs recruited.

VVhen

When *Ralph* intended to reply,
 His Voice was drowned with a Cry
 Of those, contending who the better
 Had, of the Champions, some the latter;
 Some the first, and some said neither,
 And some affirm'd, they knew not whether.

There was among the rest, a Fellow
 Of swarthy Hue, inclin'd to Yellow;
 His Hide enambl'd with Itch was,
 He just Splea-footed, like a Witch was:
 He was both broad and tall of Person,
 VVith a long Sword behind his Arse on,
 VVhich he said was to serve the King;
 Some think he meant another Thing:
 However, he was such a Person
 'Twas thought among them all was scarce one
 VVho better understood how Things went,
 VVhat Rumps and Presbytry's designs meant,
 And the King's too, it's known he
 Had sometime served all the Three.
 They all conjured then alone him,
 That he would take the Speech upon him,
 And finally decide the Matter,
 VVho had the worst, who had the better:
 VVhich unto him would be but small Pains,
 VVho under all had made no small Gains:
 At which Request the Cacodæmon
 Upon him took to be Palemon.
 VVhile Advocates of both the Parties
 VVith earnest and with piercing Heart Eyes
 Expect his Doom, like *Nero* praying
 For Justice to his Fiddle playing.

It's Sport, quoth he, to be Spectators
 To such a Pair of Gladiators :
 To See how they on other thump,
 He the Lay-elders, he the Rump ;
 Others affront with such disgraces,
 And so throw Dung on others Faces.
 When Thieves reckon, it's oft-times known
 That honest People get their own.
 By sad Experience found it was, how
 That both these Parties, *pari passu*
 Had Ruin brought, and Desolations
 On their own, and their Neighbours Nations :
 When one the other had ov'rcome,
 And trod all under foot at Home,
 Then they send out their wooden High-towers,
 To trouble the Repose of Neighbours :
 And some times hither, some times thither,
 Set *Europe* by the Ears together :
 That troubled with their mutual Factions,
 They might not pry into their Actions :
 Which were, as all the World doth ken,
 Abhorred both by God and Men.
 Nought more secureth desperate Matters,
 Than fishing doth in troubled Waters.
 By such like Policy and slight,
 They brought their Power to such a Hight ;
 That *Denmark, Holland, France, and Spain,*
 And *Sweden* did strive with might and main,
 With humble and submissive Speeches,
 To get the first Kifs of their Breeches.
 They brought upon all such a Terror,
 All seem'd to Idolize their Error,

But

But thanks to God, and *Albemarle*,
 VVe now delivered are from peril.

But none to thee, reply'd the Squire,
 (His Breast so filled was with ire,
 That's Eyes both sparkled and scintilled)
 Like VVolf or VVild-cat when it's killed,
 It's known thou didst what e're thou could,
 (But yet not so much as thou would)
 To make us still under that peril
 VVhich was remov'd by *Albemarle*.
 To prospering King loyal to wonder,
 Still Traytor to him when at under.
 When thou art playing with both Hands,
 Has got Inheritance and Lands,
 Thou takes upon thee now to teach,
 And like a Fox, to Lambs doth preach.
 That both of us did Desolations
 And ruin bring upon the Nations;
 I answer, both did Mischief bring,
 We by Mistake, they by Design:
 When all is true thou say'st, yet that's but
 Like Monkey's Chesnuts, with a Cats Foot
 Pulling from Askes, or from Embers:
 Bathrons for Grief of scorched Members,
 Doth fall a fuffing, and meawing,
 While Monkeys are the Chesnuts chewing:
 Yet more by policy than force,
 They made our Brethren Foot and Horse
 To pull them Chesnuts from the Fire,
 And wealth and power to them acquire:
 By which they did all Europe toss,
 While we got Infamy and Loss.

Though

Though I should Teeth beat, like a Tabor,
 With Tongue, I fear I lose my Labour.
 We by Experience do find,
 That a proud Stubborn troward Mind
 With Prejudice intoxicated,
 Can hardly be indoctrinated :
 And yet my Labour's not mispent,
 If any be indifferent,
 They'll find, as Sun doth shine in clear Day,
 That we were only Rogues by hear-say,
 But Fools indeed, which we will mend
 When we grow wiser, there's an End.
 But now I straight will to the King,
 Discharge the Message which I bring :
 Perhaps his Majesty will grant,
 If well informed, what we want.
 However, I hope he will not fail
 To hear till I tell out my Tale.
 Though others foam, and fret, and chaff,
 I hope his Majesty will laff.
 Having this spoke, his Horse he switches,
 First on the Snowt, then on the Breeches :
 Who half asleep, at last was got
 With much Difficulty to trot,
 Yet some times paus'd he in the middle,
 Like Cadance Keepers to a Fiddle ;
 With Rest alternative, and Motion,
 The Squire rides on with great Devotion,
 Till he came to his Journey's End,
 H' alights, and doth not long attend,
 When some there came, who did him bring
 Straight to the Presence of the King :
 Whom he espying, bow'd his Knee,
 And said, if't please your Majestie.

The Sun indifferently on all shines,
 As well on low Shrubs, as on tall Pines :
 God hears the Cries of Rich and Poor :
 Wise Solomon, to right a Whore,
 Resolv'd a Doubt, to all Men's Wonder,
 Feigning to cleave the Child asunder.

H

Your

Your Majesty's Wisdom inherent,
 And Goodness, who are God's Vicegerent,
 Will not disdain to hear Complaints
 Of us, though but Rej-ſtaments.
 Ye'll hear me, Sir, defend our Cause,
 Though it be contrair to the Laws :
 That ye may solve that Gordian Knot,
 If we be Rebels; and if not ;
 If we be Fools, wh' affirms we're neither,
 He is a Liar, though my Father.
 I'll use no Speech with Art besprinkled,
 Like Fairding on a Face that's wrinkled :
 Without Rhetorickating fond show ,
 While I speak, Sir, as't in the Ground grows,
 If ye a gracious Ear afford,
 Shame fall me if I lie a Word.

Most Men affirm, they do not see what
 We Non Conformists now would be at :
 That we're more sundred in Opinions,
 Than are the King of *Spain's* Dominions :
 Than Gazerson the late new Star were,
 Than the Commanders at *Dunbar* were.
 Than Lawiers and Physicians Counsels,
 Than Wives who Kail and Herbs in Town sells :
 Canvassing things in Church and State,
 When Drink has set aloft our Pate.
 Where once we agree, Three times we squable,
 As doth a Bag pipe's Base and Treble.
 One fears that which another hopes for,
 Like Cardinals, when they make Popes, or
 Like Heirs of Line, or Heirs of Taillies,
 Or Gild, or Tradesmen making Baillies.
 Now whether these be Rants and Flaws,
 Devis'd, Sir, to defame our Cause ;
 Or whether there be something in it,
 Hear out my Tale, now I begin it :
 If I conjecture not amiss,
 The Marrow of the Matter's this.

Some while ago, Sir, I was sent
 Your Majesty to complement,

To beg some Preachers which we wanted,
 But ere I came, Sir, they were granted :
 When all expected Thanks most hearty
 To you, from all the Godly Party ;
 I was informed by a Letter,
 Were grown the Devil a Whit the better :
 Our old blind Zeal within us still bides,
 We haunt Conventicles on Hill-sides,
 Gives to our Preachers Blows and Knocks,
 For which we're put in Irons and Stocks.
 I wondred what the Matter meant,
 I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't,
 At length I was inform'd of new,
 The Fault was only of a few ;
 Not of us all, and these we ken
 Have ever been *John Thomson's* Men,
 That is still ruled by their Wives,
 Who carping at some Preachers Lives,
 And reading their erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox :
 Cry'd out, Prophanity and Atheism,
 Gross Popery and Arminianism
 Is brought upon us by the Prelats,
 With such Expressions, those She-zealots
 Wrought so upon their Husband's Fancy,
 That they from Fever fell to Frenzy,
 Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods,
 As Setters up of other Gods,
 As *Baal*, *Beelzebub*, and *Dagon*,
 The Apocalyptick Whore and Dragon.
 Though such Proceedings be halt Treason,
 Yet to inform you there is Reason :
 If any introduce the Schism
 Of Popery, or Arminianism.
 That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
 To Princes, Emperours, and Kings,
 They set their Feet upon their Neck,
 They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
 To hold their Stirrup when they ride,
 And run like Lackeys at their Side :

They make them bow down Mouth and Nose,
 To kiss, and smell, their sweaty Toes :
 Makes them stand bare foot at their Gates,
 And buy their Peace at monstrous Rates.
 They must have from them Power all,
 Both Spiritual and Temporal,
 Or they'll hunt Men to cut their Throats,
 And blow them up with Powder Plots ;
 As both your Grand-fathers can tell,
 Yea, they will curse their Souls to Hell,
 And give their Kingdoms to another,
 Who pays most to their Bastard's Mother.
 It's long since for the Holy Ghost
 At *Rome Olympias* rul'd the Rost :
 Who think the Practice far more sweeter
 Of *Simon Magus*, than *Simon Peter*.
 That I speak Truth, Sir, within Measure,
 Appears by *Don' Olympias's* Treasure,
 The next Successor of *St. Peter*
 Thought he could take a Course no fitter,
 Than part the Simoniack Pelf
 And take the one Half to himself.
 Then said one, though a Conclave Brother,
 It went from one Thief to another.

Strange ! any Orthodox Divine
 Should doubt who is the Man of Sin ?
 Which questionless they had not done,
 If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,
 Who paints him in their Prophecies,
 As they had seen him with their Eyes.
 What e'er Divine of your Dominions
 Vents to the World such Opinions,
 Let them be Gold, let them be Glass,
 A Serpent lurks within the Grass.
 It's thought the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Spaniel
 Knew Antichrist, foretold by *Daniel*,
 And *Paul* and *John*, better than they
 Who study Scripture every Day.
 When that the Pope held out his Foot
 For to be kissed round about,

Wond'ring

Wond'ring to see the Carle so vain,
 He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
 This much of those erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for those Preachers Lives,
 So much cry'd out on by our Wives,
 All the Account that I can give on't
 Is, that my Minnie hath the lave on't
 I wish them keep a sober Diet,
 Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet :
 If openly they haunt the Brewers,
 We'll not secure them from Stone-throwers.
 We cannot help it for our Life,
 Sir, who can rule a Lawless Wife ?
 To make a willful Wife her Fits mend,
 Would put your self, Sir, to your Wit's End.
 Though they cause whip them through the Town,
 Though they them hang, though they them drown,
 Seeing Priests drunk at third Bell ringing,
 They'll up with Stones, and fall a slinging.

And thus, Sir, I have shew'd you how
 The Fault is only of a few,
 And not of all, and their Defence
 Is, that they follow Conscience :
 If it be so, by Bishops Leaves,
 They cannot well be called Knaves :
 What e'er they be, it may be said,
 Knaves never yet a Conscience had.
 And that a greater Slander refels,
 If they be no Knaves, they'r no Rebels :
 I doubt any Logician can
 A Rebel prove an honest Man.
 What are they then ? we need n'advise,
 They'r poor Folks, large as daft as wise.
 If they be such, and wish you well,
 As others of their Actions tell,
 When in the *English* Troopers Faces
 They you remembred in their Graces.
 That there may be a solid Peace,
 Remove the Cause, th'Effect will cease.

Take

Take Notice of those whimsy Books,
 Which in Effect are heterodox.
 If once those Preachers mend their Lives,
 There will be no Stone-throwing Wives.
 Forbid them scandalize the Lieges,
 By drinking Healths to Ports and Bridges,
 To Whore of *Babel*, and to Giggs,
 And to preveen Complaints of Whiggs,
 To scratch their Skin, cut Caps and Cloaths,
 And swear 'twas Whiggs, with monstrous Oaths.
 But see Misfortune and Mishap,
 For Scratch of Skin, and Cut of Cap
 Examined to strictest Rigours,
 Had different Geometrick Figures.
 Though Cap was hither mov'd and thither,
 The Wounds could ne'er agree together.
 Such Scandal makes the Gospel stink,
 Such Books and Priests remov'd, I think
 We'll keep the Nine and Twenty May-day,
 On *Thursday*, *Saturday*, or *Friday*,
 On *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, or *Munday*,
 Or any other Day but *Sunday*.
 Yea, Sir, when ye have ought ado,
 To hazard Lives and Fortunes too;
 We will be ready at your Call,
 Else Plague of God upon us all.

Observing how they all espy'd him,
 Chiefly how all the Ladies Ey'd him;
 Was none among them all so coy,
 Whom he had not made laugh for Joy :
 Believing of them all was scarce one
 That honoured not his Parts and Person.
 He Ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
 Just like a Ston'd Horse in a Meadow :
 Yet curbing, as he could, his Passion,
 Till he should better learn the Fashion :
 He made a Congee, and got him down,
 To see the Rar'ties of Town.

How he did visit *Bedlam* Fool-men,
 And disputed with *Greshman*-School-men ;

Discouraging

Discourfing of their Pigs and Whiffles,
 And ftrange Experiments of Muffels,
 Of Refurrections of Rats,
 And of the Language us'd by Cats,
 When in the Night they go a cating,
 And fall a fcoling and a prating :
 Of their Blood borrowing and lending,
 And all the Ancients Wilddom mending ;
 Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
 When I want Money and get Rhime.
 I have no Leifure for it now
 Let it fuffice, to tell you how,
 That going homewards near to High-gate,
 His Mufe had on her fuch a gay Foot,
 That feeing *London* fly his View,
 He ftands, and bids it thus, *Adieu*.

From hard Calamities of Wars,
 and Ruines caus'd by Fire,
 A noble Work thou doft arife,
 like *Phœnix* from it's Sire.
 How ftately Buildings thee adorn,
 and Towers which fmite the Sky.
 Whofe BeHs do, by their Melody,
Apollo's Harp out-vy.

More famous, skillful Artifans,
 the World never had :
 Thy Merchants worth Nobilitates,
 the Wealth he gets by Trade.

Thy Bifhops Zeal and Piety
 up through the Heavens do fly ;
 Thy Magiftrates, who thee govern,
 might *Roman* Confuls be.

Immortal Virtue's Eloquence,
 and deep Infight of Mind ;
 Thy Mufes, thofe of *Pallas* Town
 are not a Jot behind.

And as the Sun, unto the World
 communicats his Light :
 So by the King's refplendant Beams,
 brave Town, thou fhines fo bright,

So Rome arose, after the Gauls
 had it destroy'd by Flame.
 Till in the End, the World's Bounds
 and Rome's did prove the same.
 London, that Path by thee begun,
 if thou insist upon,
 Strange, if the World's Empire and thine
 in End prove not the same.
 But now, thy Buildings fly my Sight,
 thy Towers go out of View,
 I bid thee then with weeping Eyes,
 most generous Town, *Adieu.*

The same in *Latin.*
*Post diras belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
 e cinere ut Phoenix nobile surgis opus.
 Quam dicorant Aedes, ferientes fidere turreSy
 pulsibus abjecta cessit Apollo lyra:
 Artifices clari majore & acumine nusquam,
 mercator meritis nobilitavit opes;
 Prasulis insignis pietas perfregit Olympum;
 Consulibus potuit Roma vetusta Regi;
 Moribus eloquio, mentisq; indagine musis:
 attica non major docta Camæna tuis:
 Ut Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine Regis,
 sic splendes radiis Urbs generosa tui.
 Gallica sic crevit post dira incendia Roma
 tandem idem limes orbis & urbis erat:
 Londonium incepto si pergas tramite mirum!
 imperium fuerit ni orbis & urbis idem.
 Nunc Aedes visum fugiunt, subsidere tutres
 aspicio lacrimans; urbs generosa, Vale.*

FINIS.